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NO MORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O the days that are no more,
That have perished with their sweetness,
That have vanished from life's shore
With their fullness and completeness;
On the waters of the stream
They are drifting, sadly drifting—
O this life is but a dream,
And its scenes are ever shifting.

Can it be that we are old—
Growing older, ever older?
That this dreary world, and cold,
Grows but drearier and colder?
That the days which are no more
Were our happy days and golden?
Must we pine for friends of yore?
Must we live on memories olden?

There are dear, departed joys,
Loving smiles and golden tresses;
There are childhood's broken toys,
Tender words and fond caresses;
Mother's smile and father's care,
Thoughts of home and trust unending,
And a half-forgotten prayer,
And a sainted being bending.

Bits of ribbons, ends of strings,
Tender faces bending o'er us,
And a thousand little things
That have journeyed on before us.
But the tresses! they are dust!
Other toys our hearts have broken,
And the friendships of our trust
Have left neither sign nor token.

And the mother's smile has fled
With the hours that brightened o'er us;
Can it be our hearts are dead,
And our souls have gone before us?
O my mother! with fond pride
Press me once again in blessing,
In the chamber where she died
I can feel her hand caressing.

We are growing ever old,
Growing older, ever older;
And the river, dark and cold,
Runs before us darker, colder.
O the days that are no more!
Days of bliss and days of sweetness—
Only on the other shore
Shall we find their full completeness.

FROMENT & RISLER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The French Academy, Paris, awarded its Medal for Literary Excellence in 1875 to M. Daudet because of this story, which within six months reached its Eighth Edition.]

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OELIA LOGAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

It was a very large sum. One hundred thousand francs to pay on two days, and at a moment when, for the first time in thirty years, the house of Froment was absolutely without money. What was to be done? Several times Sigismund had tried to speak to George about it, but he shirked the responsibility of business, and yet was always busy, always in a feverish hurry, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, of what was going on around him. To the uneasy inquiries of the cashier, he bit his moustache and said that he would think about it, and had the air of thinking about something else.

It was rumored about the factory that Sydonie was playing him false, and that her folly troubled him more than the anxiety of his cashier.

As to Risler, he was hardly to be seen any more; he passed his life attending to the mysterious and interminable construction of his machine. The indifference of the master to the affairs of the house had, little by little, led to disorganization in all the departments. The workmen took their ease, came late and went away early, without any regard to the old clock which had led the work for so long, and now seemed to strike the hour of disorder and alarm. Business still went on, for a house once well established does not stop at once by reason of its first impetus, but what rottenness and demoralization existed under all this apparent prosperity!

Where should Sigismund find the hundred thousand francs? He thought there ought certainly to be more than that due the house; but what a humiliation to be compelled to make forced collection of all the old notes!

Oh, the idea that the banker's clerk would come to him confident of payment, and he would be obliged to say to him:

"Take back your notes—I have not the money to cash them."

No, no; anything was preferable to that!

Sigismund was not alone in his disquiet. For a long time Mr. Chebe had been swimming in deep water, in consequence of some commercial enterprises which had eaten up a great deal of money. But at last Master Chebe had been good enough to lay his debts, on the condition that he would keep quiet and let business ventures alone; but these perpetual plunges into commercial life were necessary to his existence. He went into every scheme with new ardor. When he had no money Mons. Chebe gave a note—he gave numbers of them, in fact, hoping to meet them when due by the profits of each new enterprise; but there never were any profits, and the notes, after circulating for months from one end of Paris to the other, came back to him punctually, black with signatures acquired on the journey.

His bills for the month of January were heavy, and Chebe suddenly remembered that he had not one cent to pay them with. Rage filled his heart when he found he must again humiliate himself to Risler, that he must confess he had broken his word, and that the risk of refusing was great. As he dared he could, in some measure, throw off this burden from his mind, but at night, when he had nothing to distract him, it haunted him like an evil spirit. He rose from bed, lighted his lamp, and tried to read, but in vain. For the first time in his life he was wretched.

Chebe was not the only man whose rest was disturbed. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, George Froment had not gone to bed at all. He sat before the fire with his head buried in his hands, thinking of Sydonie, who no doubt was sleeping peacefully at that moment, overhead.

Her conduct was driving him mad. For a long time he had been wildly jealous of Casaboin, and had entreated and commanded her not to receive him any more, but she paid no attention to anything he said, and that very day she had told him plainly that nothing should prevent her from inviting the handsome senator to a ball which she was preparing to give.

In reply to his indignant protests, she coolly informed him that she acknowledged the right of no one either to judge her actions or to direct them; that she was her own mistress, and intended to remain so—was independent of him as of Risler; that she would be tyrannized over no longer by either of them. Thus they passed an hour, disputing, quarreling, almost fighting.

He had sacrificed everything for her—his honor, the charming Claire sleeping with her child in the next room—all the happiness within his reach he had cast aside for this woman; and now she declared that she loved him no longer, that she loved another.

Roused by the indignation which boiled in his veins, he sprang up, and began pacing the room, his step resounding in the silence. Sydonie slept with all the placid sweetness of a bad heart and a good digestion.

The idea struck George that she might be dreaming of Casaboin, and he was tempted to go up and wake Risler, so tell him the truth and to be ruined with her. What a stupid fellow he was, that husband of hers! Why did he not watch her better? She was so pretty and so evil-minded that one should take greater precautions with her than with other women.

Then recurred to him the horrible condition of the house—the firm of Froment & Risler was on the verge of bankruptcy. For a long time he had lived in secret fear of that terrible end of January. How many times, when he was able to detach his thoughts from Sydonie, he had said to himself: "That day will see our downfall." But his cowardice made him believe that it was too late to avert the impending ruin, and he plunged deeper and deeper into excesses in order to forget.

The hour had arrived, however, when he could not forget—there was no way to escape—he saw the disaster at hand. The dry and serious face of Planus rose before him, with features as sharp as if they had been cut with a knife; the hard, clear eyes pursuing him, as they had done for so long, with a look of keen reproach.

Well; he had not those hundred thousand francs, and did not know where to obtain them! In order to satisfy the ruinous fancies of Sydonie for the last six months, he had gambled and lost enormous sums; then came the failure of a banker with whom they were involved. Their balance-sheet would be pitiable—there was nothing left but the factory, and in what a state it was!

What to do he knew not. Empty safes! closed doors! protests! ruin! This is what he saw on every side. To whom, to whom appeal?

"George," said his wife, "what is the matter with you?"

Claire had stolen to his side. Every night now she waited up for him, anxiously looking for his return from the club, for there she still believed he spent his evenings.

She saw him change, become more gloomy every day, and, having been told he played a great deal, she imagined he had sustained losses. In spite of his neglect and indifference, she was concerned about him, and showed herself generous and tender, in hopes that he might take her into his confidence.

That night she had been up with her child, which was ailing, and hearing George's unquiet footsteps, as soon as the little girl slept she went to him to share his sorrow if he would permit her.

At the sight of his wife, tender and sympathetic, a sudden remorse seized upon Froment. He owned she was his true friend. How had he been able to abandon her! He could not speak; if he did, he should tell her all. He felt an irresistible desire to accuse himself, to implore pardon, and to ease the remorse which consumed his soul.

"You have been playing—and losing, have you not, a great deal?"

He bowed affirmatively, and as soon as he could command his voice he told her that he must have one hundred thousand francs by the day after to-morrow, and knew not where to procure them. She uttered no reproaches. She was one of those who could face a misfortune and think only of repairing it, without a word of recrimination. In the bottom of her heart she blessed the misfortune which drew them closer together—for so long, so widely separated. She reflected a moment, and then, with a resolution which cost her a great deal to take, she said:

"Everything is not yet lost. To-morrow I'll go to Savigny and ask my grandfather for the money."

He would never have asked her that—the thought of it even did not come to him. She was so proud, and old Gardinois so hard! It was a great sacrifice she would make for him, a striking proof of love to give him. He was carried away by warmth of heart, and experienced that lightness of heart which comes after danger passed. Claire seemed to him a supernatural being with the gift of goodness, as Sydonie seemed a devil of destruction.

"Claire, Claire, how good you are!" he cried, sinking at her feet.

Without reply, she raised him and led him to the cradle of her child.

"Kiss her," she said quietly—"our child!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

When day appeared, Desiree rose suddenly upright, and in spite of fever and fatigue tried to stand in order to regain possession of her senses. She had only one idea now, to escape from those around her—now beginning to arouse from their torpor—and to leave that frightful place. She entreated the policemen to let her go home to her mother, but they could not do that at once. They would have to take her to the chief of police first. In pity they called a carriage for her, but they had to get out of the station-house, and there was a great crowd collected outside to look at the little lame girl with her hair still wet.

When Desiree entered the room adjoining that of the chief of police—an apartment as comfortless as the station-house—a man arose from the shadows and held out his hand to her. It was the sand-dredger, her hideous rescuer, who wanted twenty-five francs.

"Well," he said with a hoarse laugh, "how do you find yourself after your plunge?"

Then he related to everybody how he had fished her out of the Seine, and how but for his aid she would now be floating toward Rouen. The wretched girl was red with shame, and it seemed as if the water had left a veil over her eyes, and a roaring in her ears. At last they took her before the chief himself. He was sipping a cup of coffee and reading a paper. Without lifting his eyes, he said fiercely:

"Ah! it's you, is it?"

The policeman who had Desiree in charge began to read his report.

"At 4 quarter of an hour before midnight, at the Quai de la Megisserie, the accused, named Delobelle, twenty-four years of age, living with her parents in the Rue de Braque, tried to commit suicide by throwing herself into the Seine, from which she was drawn out safe and sound by Jules Mocquelan."

The chief listened as he read with the air of a man whom nothing astonishes and everything bores. At length he raised his eyes and admonished the accused Delobelle in a severe fashion.

What she had done, he said, was wicked and cowardly. What could have happened to drive her to such a dreadful deed? Why did she wish to destroy herself—why, now? Come, tell him. But she would not tell him. What! defile her sacred love by avowing it in such a place!

"I do not—know," she stammered.

The chief magistrate would permit her to return to her parents on one condition—that she would promise never to attempt such a thing again.

"Do you promise?"

"Oh, yes—yes, sir."

In spite of her protestations, the chief of police shook his head as if he did not believe her. Even when she was on the road home, her martyrdom continued. In the carriage the policeman became too polite. She pretended not to understand him, and drew her hand away when he took it.

The most terrible ordeal was her arrival at home; the whole house was in commotion, and the neighbors filled with curiosity. Since early morning the whole quarter knew of her disappearance. The general belief was that she had eloped with Frantz Risler. The illustrious Delobelle had rushed out of the house very early, with his most tragic air, his hat on one side, his dress in disorder, and evidently in a fright; while the poor mother, half-crazed, ran from one room to the other, hoping to find some trace of her daughter. A sudden light had pierced the darkness of her mind in regard to her daughter's strange silence about Frantz's departure.

At every step on the stairs she sprang to the door and looked out with beating heart; and, when she turned back, the sight of Desiree's empty chair made her burst into tears. A carriage stopped before the door; voices and footsteps resounded through the house, and people cried:

"Madame Delobelle, here she is! Your daughter is found!"

It was indeed Desiree, who came up-stairs, pale and weak, leaning on the arm of a strange man, without hat or shawl. On seeing her mother she smiled in a silly way.

"Do not be frightened; it is nothing," she tried to say, and fainted on the stairs.

Never before had Madame Delobelle thought herself so strong. She raised her daughter, took her in her arms and carried her to bed, and while she talked to her embraced and soothed her.

"Where have you been, wretched girl? Is it indeed true that you tried to drown yourself? Why did you wish to kill yourself? You had some great grief, then! Why did you hide it from me?"

Desiree was filled with remorse when she saw that in a few hours her mother had aged as if with years. She remembered how she had left without bidding her farewell, and that in her heart she had accused her of not loving her. Not love her!

"If you had died, I should have died too! When I awoke this morning, and found that you had not been in bed, that you were not in the workshop, I fainted. But are you better now? You will not try to kill yourself again, will you—for my sake?"

And, taking her into her arms, she soothed and comforted her like a child. Desiree began to be feverish. A heavy drowsiness began to steal over her, and, in her half-waking, half-dreaming state, her midnight trip through Paris tormented her. Millions of streets surrounded her, with the Seine at the end of each. The terrible river, which she could not find during the night, pursued her now as she fled from it.

In the horrible nightmare which oppressed her, the poor girl, not knowing how to escape her maddening memories, whispered to her mother:

"Hide me, hide me! I am ashamed!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

No; poor Desiree would never do it again—never. That was certain. The chief of police might be sure of that. How could she go to the river, now that she could not leave her bed? The woman Delobelle knows that she will only have to visit a little longer, and she will have nothing to wish for. The doctors say she is dying of congestion of the lungs, induced by a cold caught in the water; but the physicians are mistaken.

Is it love that is killing her? No.

Since that terrible night she feels she is not worthy of being loved, nor pure enough to love. There is a stain upon her life, and it is killing her. She has been, she thinks, defiled by that adventure—being dragged out of the water before all those men, the station-house, the vulgar songs she heard there from the drunken men, the coasy creature crouching before the stove, her having to go before the chief of police, and being let go with a reprimand—the low jokes of the man who rescued her, the gallantry of the policeman, her name known, even the nature of her infirmity blazoned forth as a reason why she should be laughed at for trying to commit suicide for love—the curiosity of the gaping neighbors, her mother's misery—ah, it was too much for a sensitive nature like hers to bear. All her woman's modesty was shocked, and in her delirium she would cry:

"I am ashamed! I am ashamed!"

The delirium passed, she was still ashamed, and covered her face in the bed-clothes, as if she would make a winding-sheet of them.

Near Desiree's bed her mother watched and worked. The poor cannot suffer at their ease—they must work, work incessantly, even though death is near. The rich can give way to sorrow, the poor have not the means to do so. Madame Delobelle was the only one to work now, and her hands had not the skill of Desiree's. Medicine was dear, and nothing would have induced her to cut down any of Delobelle's expenses in order to buy it, so she had to work the harder, from daylight almost until daylight again. Seeing her mother's fatigue, Desiree said one day: "Give me a little work." In this request Madame Delobelle thought she discerned a desire in her daughter to take up her life again, so she gave her some work, and propped her up in bed; but the needle was too heavy, and she heard the noises of the street—the infamous street which recalled all. No, she could not live now—if she had died and could be born again. A ray of sunlight stole into the room; but, instead of making it more cheerful, it only revealed the wretchedness and poverty. The mother could not speak for fear of bursting into tears, as she saw her daughter develop little by little certain signs of approaching death.

The illustrious Delobelle was never at home. He in no wise changed his existence as an actor out of employment; nevertheless he knew Desiree was dying, for the doctor had told him so. It was a terrible blow to him, for in his heart he loved his child; but his was a strange nature, where true and false feeling so closely commingled that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other.

Instead of sharing his weary wife's watch at the bedside of their daughter, he was promenading the streets, airing his grief. He played the unhappy father from one end of the boulevard to the other. He was always to be found in the various theatrical haunts with red eyes and pale face. He liked to be asked:

"Well, poor friend, how are matters at your house?"

He would shake his head dolefully for answer, make a fearful face trying to keep back his tears, and would clench his fists as he used to do when he acted "The Children's Doctor."

At the same time he was filled with thoughtful consideration for his daughter. He never came into the house without bringing her some flowers; if poor Madame Delobelle went without her dinner, he would insist on having the money to buy a bouquet; and he would not have ordinary flowers, either, like violets, which are cheap. Although it was Autumn, he searched everywhere till he found roses and lilies, and other costly flowers.

"You must not, father; I do not care for them—they are so expensive," the poor invalid would say as he would enter with a bouquet in his hand, and a glance of triumph on his face, as one who should say: "Am I not a good father? See what I spend on flowers, to say nothing of the time I pass showing the florists how to make a proper bouquet—for whose taste and knowledge are equal to Delobelle's?"

Yes; it was a heavy expense, for which Madame Delobelle, who had to work so hard to support all three of them, got no credit; but she did not complain; on the contrary, she thought it very grand in her husband—he always would do things in such a princely manner. This superb disdain for and carelessness of money filled her with awe and admiration, and more than ever she believed in the genius and the magnificent theatrical future of the illustrious Delobelle. He also, of course, preserved an unshaken confidence in the glory yet to be his; but he came near being rudely awakened to the truth. This is how it happened.

One night Desiree suddenly woke up in a very singular state. The day before, the doctor had been surprised to find her calmer, more cheerful, and the fever gone. Without explaining the cause of this unlooked-for resurrection, he said, in leaving, "We must wait," trusting for restoration to the strength of youth which often springs into life from the very grasp of death. If he had looked under Desiree's pillow he would have found there a letter from Frantz, with the Cairo postmark, which had caused the happy change—four pages from Frantz, in which all his conduct was explained and confessed to his dear little Zizi.

Such a letter had been dreamed of by the sick girl. Frantz repented and asked to be forgiven. His indignation against Sydonie was terrible, his anguish and remorse as great.

Oh, if this letter had but arrived a few days sooner! Now all his love was for Desiree—too late! But Frantz loved her, and, happy in the thought, she fell asleep and awoke in the state described.

They had given her her parents's rooms.

It was night. From her bed she saw her mother and father. The former stretched out on the sofa asleep, wearied out. Her deep wrinkles, red eyelids, white hair, her poor hands blistered by work, Desiree saw plainly with an aching heart. The door of the workroom was half open, and the illustrious Delobelle appeared to his daughter in one of his favorite attitudes, seated before the little table with its white tablecloth and appetizing supper. He was eating leisurely while running over a pamphlet. The great man had come in so noiselessly that even Desiree had not been awakened by him. He was in high spirits over a fine theatrical performance, and supped solemnly, wrapped in a new overcoat, a napkin under his chin, and his hair curled by the hairdresser.

For the first time in her life, Desiree was struck by the contrast between her parents—her mother haggard, careworn, attenuated, hardly covered by an old black dress, which made her look thinner still, and her father gay, happy, well dressed, well-fed, lazy and careless.

What a torture to see so clearly in her last hours! What would become of them both when she was no longer there to labor? Her mother would overwork herself and die, or she would not be able to work at all, and her vain and selfish husband, engrossed with his mad theatrical ambition, would let them both be engulfed in the maelstrom of poverty.

He was not a bad man. He had proved that often; only he had a blindness that nothing could dispel. He thought that the intelligent manager would one day find him, and, recognizing his genius, display it to a wondering world, and crown him with honors and wealth. For that he waited—for that he would not lower his dignity by work.

If there she—Desiree—if she could only tear off the thick bandage with which he is willfully bound his eyes!

A light and loving hand like hers only could attempt such a feat—she alone had the right to say to her father:

"Earn your living! give up the theatre."

As she felt that time was hurrying on, Desiree Delobelle summoned all her courage and called her father. He ran to her. He had been to "a first night" at the Ambigu, and had returned inflamed with the success of others; such would be his some time, he hoped. He entered the room radiant and grand, a flower in his buttonhole, the lamp in his hand.

"You are not asleep, Zizi?"

His words had a joyous intonation in sad contrast to the surrounding wretchedness. She motioned to him to be silent, pointing to her mother.

"Put down the lamp. I want to speak to you."

Her voice struck him; it was hollow with emotion; her eyes, too, alarmed him—wide open, and lightened with a strange, penetrating gleam he had never seen there before. A little frightened, he approached, taking the flowers out of his button-hole to give her, while his new boots creaked in a loud way, which he thought quite aristocratic. His own attitude embarrassed him, because, no doubt, too great a contrast existed between the light and noisy theatre from which he had just come, and the little, silent sick chamber, where the turned-down lamp flickered in the feverish atmosphere.

"What is it, dear? Are you worse?"

Yes; she was much worse. She wanted to speak to him, low.

"Come nearer, nearer."

When he approached the head of the bed, she put her burning hand on the great man's arm and whispered in his ear:

"I am going to die, papa. When I am gone you will be alone with mother. Do not tremble so. You know that it must come, and I feel it very near. I want to say to you that, when I am gone, mamma will not be strong enough to keep the house going. See how pale and bad she looks!"

The tragedian looked at his wife, and was indeed surprised to see how bad she looked. He consoled himself with the egotistical remark:

"She has never been very strong."

The tone in which this remark was made filled Desiree with indignation, and confirmed her in her resolution. She continued:

"What is going to become of you both when I am no longer here? Oh, I know you have great hopes, but you are very long in realizing them. The success that you have waited for so long may be still longer in coming, and between this and then what will you do? I do not wish to give you pain, my dear father, but it seems to me that at your age, intelligent as you are, it would be easy for you to—Monsieur Risler would—I am sure——"

She spoke slowly and with effort, seeking her words, hoping that he would break the silence—would help her by a word, a gesture. But he did not understand her. He listened, looking at her with his large, round eyes, and feeling vaguely that his child was in her heart bringing some accusation against him, he knew not what.

"I think it would—be—well," she continued, growing fainter and fainter—"it would be well if you would renounce——"

"What! how! I——"

She paused, seeing the effect of her words. The mobile face of the old actor shriveled up suddenly under the impression of violent despair; and tears, real tears—which he did not even think of hiding with his hand as they do on the stage—swelled his eyelids without falling, so great was his agony. He began to understand—of the only two admirers who had remained faithful to him, one turned from his prospective glory. His daughter no longer believed in him! Was it possible? It could not be. He had not rightly comprehended, or badly heard—what would it be better to renounce? Come—come.

Listening to the mute prayer of his eyes, Desiree had not the courage to finish; besides, her strength was failing, and her life ——

Two or three times she muttered: "To renounce—renounce ——"

The little head fell back on the pillow. She died without having dared tell him what it would be better for him to renounce.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FUNERAL.

The little lame girl was dead.

Such was the report in the quarter where she had dwelt. It created quite an excitement. Not only had Desiree been very popular, although she never went out, and was only seen occasionally at the window, pale with confinement and hollow-eyed, but the funeral of the daughter of the illustrious Delobelle would bring together a large number of actors, and Parisians adore actors. They like to see in the streets, in the daytime, their idols of the evening; to note their faces removed from the glare of the footlights. Therefore, that morning, while the narrow door in the Rue de Braque was being draped with white, curious neighbors filled the street.

To be just to them, actors like each other, or at least are held together by a solidarity, a creed of craft which causes them to assemble on all possible occasions, concerts, balls, smoking-nights, funerals, etc.

Although the illustrious Delobelle was no longer on the stage, although his name had entirely disappeared from the bills for more than fifteen years, it was only necessary to put two lines in an obscure theatrical journal: "M. Delobelle, formerly leading-man in the theatre at Metz and Alencon, has had the * * * * * the funeral will take place, * * *," etc., etc., to have the actors of all Paris and its suburbs collect in a crowd at the appeal.

Famous or not, celebrated or unknown, they were all there—those who had played with Delobelle in the provinces, those who had met him in theatrical resorts, and also the provincial actors who had assembled in the great city to make their engagements for the Winter.

And all the illustrious and the unknown had the same idea—to see their name announced in the newspaper notices of the funeral. For, to members of the profession, all kinds of publicity are desirable; they would sooner be abused than not mentioned at all. They are so afraid that the public will forget them, that when they are not acting they feel they must be spoken of, hence the newspapers in Summer are filled with records of their doings and comings and goings.

From nine o'clock, all the people in Delobelle's neighborhood were at their windows, at the doors, or in the street. Then the theatricals began to arrive, singly or in bands, on foot or in carriages.

You could tell them at once by their smoothly-shaven faces, blue from chin to cheek, and by their actions. The different fashions in which these excellent people manifested their emotion under the sorrowful circumstances were curious to see. Each arrival in the little dark, paved courtyard of the house of death was like an entrance on the stage, according to the "line of business" of the actor. The "heavy men" had a gloomy air, knit brows, and gloomy glance, and brushed from the corner of their eyes with the finger-ends of their gloves the tears that would not be restrained; then they sighed, staring at the heavens, standing up in the centre of the stage—that is to say, the courtyard—their hats on their hips, with a little pawing of the ground with the left foot to help them hide their grief, and with the air of beginning a monologue, "Be still my heart, be still," to slow, mysterious music.

The comedians "went in" for simplicity; they spoke to each other with a pitying manner, a subdued "hail, fellow, well met!" giving hearty handshakes, lifting their eyes and drawing down the corners of their mouths—their low-comedy expression of sorrow.

All mannerisms, but all sincere. As soon as they entered, they separated into two parties. The distinguished actors looked disdainfully at the unknown Robricarts, who revenged themselves by remarking to each other:

"Have you noticed how old such-and-such a one is getting? Just look, he is fearfully wrinkled. He can't act much longer—he'll drop off soon from sheer old age."

Between the two contentious groups the illustrious Delobelle, dressed in black, with black gloves, came and went, with red eyes and clenched teeth, shaking hands in silence. The poor fellow was really nearly heart-broken, but that had not prevented him from getting his hair curled like a tenor for the sad occasion. His was a strange nature! In reading his soul, nobody could have told the difference between his true grief and his affectation of it, so closely were they mingled.

Among the professionals were several people whom the reader knows, Mons. Chebe for one. He hovered around the actors of note, while his wife kept poor Madame Delobelle company up-stairs, Sydonie was not there, but Risler was, and almost as much grieved as the father. He was the friend of the last hour, and defrayed all the expenses of the burial, so the appointments were magnificent—in strange contrast to the poverty of the house and narrow, dirty street.

The procession moved. Delobelle walked at the head of it, shaken with sobs, at each step grasping as support the shoulder-strap of some friend during his only child, as over his dead daughter. The splendor of the ceremony, the long file of hired mourning carriages that stopped the circulation of other vehicles, the little coupe that Sydonie had sent, all excited and flattered him, notwithstanding the melancholy cause of them. At last, unable to contain himself longer, he leaned over to Robricart, who was walking at his side.

"Have you noticed?" he whispered.

"What?"

The unhappy father, wiping his eyes, remarked with pride, as who should say "All the boxes were taken at my benefit:"

"There are two private carriages."

Poor little Zizi, so good and so simple, what to her availed all this solemn pomp! From the window of the workshop Madame Delobelle watched the funeral procession till the last carriage disappeared.

"Farewell! farewell!" she murmured, waving her hands with the gesture of a woman gone mad.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

SEEING THE SIGHTS.

"There's going to be great goings-on in Philadelphia next year," said Mrs. Benham, who had just returned from the Quaker City overflowing with enthusiasm in regard to the Centennial, the great national show of 1876.

"You must have enjoyed your visit very much indeed," remarked Mrs. Crawford, who was in fact quite jealous of her neighbor. "There are so many things to make Philadelphia an object of interest at any time: associated with it are the memories of our forefathers, the great patriots of the Revolution, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and laid the foundation of our liberties, the blessings of which we enjoy to-day. There dwelt William Penn, that stanch Quaker, the spirit of whose life lived in harmony with the savage of the forest, and gained his affection and respect ——"

Mrs. Crawford's eloquence was quite overpowering Mrs. Benham, who interrupted her with:

"You'd ought to go out to Fairmount Park and see the enormous buildings that are being *reconstructed for the Sentinel Expedition*; they are all as big as half a dozen meeting-houses. I was on the go all the while I was there. First we went up on top of the *conservatory*, to get a good view of the all-aroundings; but what tickled me the best of the whole was the monkeys in the *theological* gardens. I didn't see anything of the rest of the show, because the circus was not in."

Mrs. Crawford would have resumed her historical and patriotic reminiscences had her visitor remained; but Mrs. Benham excused herself, as she had several calls to make, to which she proceeded, dilating upon the *reconstructed Sentinel* buildings for the *Expedition*, the charming view from the *conservatory*, and the wonders of the animal kingdom on exhibition at the *theological* gardens.

BROKE AND THE BROKER.

Isaacs the farm-broker loans money, and in addition to the historic emblem of his vocation, the three golden balls, he displays a sign:

"Money to loan in small and large sums."

One of Isaacs' best customers was one of those young gentlemen who spend their evenings in mathematical investigation, the problem which they are constantly endeavoring to solve being:

"How many times did the ace win?" "Did the queen lose on the last deal?" etc.

This study is called faro, and the pursuit of it is very expensive. It has probably cost its devotees more than all the astronomical, geographical and scientific investigations since the creation.

Students in faro, have been known to forego sleep and food, and even sacrifice family jewels, and, in extreme cases, portions of their wardrobe. The young man we refer to was a serious youth, and, after having left in the hands of his "uncle"—not pants of Mr. Isaacs—his watch and chain and finger-rings, stud, collar-button and sleeve-buttons, likewise his overcoat, after another night's study of the science returned to the broker and asked:

"Isaacs, lend me ten dollars?"

"Vat on?" inquired the Israelite.

"Nothing—haven't got a thing but what's on my back," was the answer.

"Haven't got a set of false teeth, Elo?" pursued the pawnbroker, anxious to do business.

"No," was the response, exhibiting a row of nature's molars. "You loan money, don't you?" asked the hard-up gambler. "What I have in pawn is worth over and over again what I borrowed on it. Come, Isaacs, loan me ten dollars."

The money-lender was not to be cajoled. Putting one finger to his nose, he ended the interview with:

"When you have security, I let you a loan; when you have no security, I let you alone."

HE COULDN'T HELP IT.

Way down in Jersey there is a little branch called the Tuckerton Railroad. One of the stations is called Manahawkin. One Saturday afternoon last Summer the train left Tuckerton well loaded with Summer boarders, who were enjoying a vacation in that region, and were hastening to Philadelphia to spend the Sabbath with the stay-at-home members of their families.

One of the sojourners at the seashore had contracted a most distressing and violent cold by indigestion in bathing, and annoyed everyone in the car by his constant sneezing, coughing, wheezing, and hawking. Just as he was in one of his most distressing paroxysms, the brakeman opened the door and shouted:

"Man-a-hawking!"

"Man-a-hawking!" exclaimed the man with a bad cold. "Texas't help it."

The laughter which followed was loud and prolonged.

"BLOODY TOM."

"Bloody Tom," the side-show blower, was and is a character, and it is many a day since we have listened to his eloquence, or that of his great rival, "Appetite Bill." Tom was always a man of resource, and for that reason, during the tenting season, he spent with a free hand. When the company went into Winter-quarters he would purchase a gallon of pure alcohol, a quantity of half-pint bottles, label the same with some high sounding title, and, after compounding the alcohol with some cheap and harmless ingredients, set out for some favorable locality, where on the street-corner he would wax eloquent and perform most miraculous cures.

"Fellow-citizens," Tom would say, "the balm which I now offer to you is an Injun balsam, the receipt of which was presented to me by the medicine man of the tribe with which I was a captive for fourteen years. Once I tried to make my escape, and lay buried in the snows of the Rocky Mountains for nine days, with the thermometer forty eight degrees below zero, a-snowing all the while, and not a mouthful to eat. I was found by my savage pursuers and returned to the tribe, and it was fortunate for me that I was. It saved my life and discovered to the civilized world the all-healing virtues of the great Neverfail, which I now offer you. To resume the thread of my narrative, I no sooner reached the camp of the tribe than the great medicine-man, more than three hundred years old, immejiately began the brewing of his all-potent medicine. And mark its effects on me after partaking of one bottle, a single bottle. Gaze upon me, fellow-citizens and ladies and gentlemen. See me in all my healthy robustiveness and manly beauty. Apollo is just nowhere. What did this Balm of Gilead do for me? Far better ask what it did not do."

Then followed a long pause, after which he resumed, capping the climax of his eloquent strain:

"Before I took Neverfail, the prescription of Baldhead-one-eye, the great medicine of the Sioux, one leg was three inches shorter than the other, or the other was three inches the longest—suit yourself. That leg grew out to the same length as its mate, a lost finger was restored, a new set of teeth came in the upper and lower jaws, I regained my sight in my left eye, raised a beard, and was completely restored to health and usefulness inside of a week. Who, then, can hesitate? Why stand you idle while disease is making its inroads upon your constitution? Some of you whom I see before me to-day will in a short time—a very short time—be packed on ice at the undertaker's, and be awaiting the orders of your friends. I see those here who have the liver-complaint so that they can't liver much longer. The worst use you can put plank to is to build coffins, and the uninteresting items in the papers is the funeral notices. Don't be a-coughing yourself into a coffin in the last agonies of consumption. Away with new-rigs and old-rails. When Neverfail comes into universal use, then shall there be no more pain or suffering, aches or groanings. Ponce de Leon sought in vain for the fountain of the waters of perpetual youth; that which he sought have I found, and offer to all mankind—the Double Concentrated Essence of the Wildwoods, prepared from the original *receipt* of the famous Sioux chief, Bald-head-one-eye, three hundred years old. It is compounded from the roots, herbs and flowers of the forest, and is called Neverfail because it never fails; likewise, in honor of the great Sioux chief, Neverfail, the mighty monarch of the red men, so graphically described by Ned Buntline, Esq. It does away with doctors and abolishes hospitals, and is sold only by myself, at the exceedingly low price of one dollar. Invest one dollar, and make yourself happy for life!"

Tom had such a relish for a joke that he often, to amuse an acquaintance in the crowd, would so enlarge upon its merits as to injure the sale of his compounds with the most credulous—that is, apparently; but Tom always averred:

"The stronger you give it to them, the better they like it."

And from the number of dollars that passed into his hands, and the number of bottles that passed out, the old saying received daily verification that "all the fools are not dead yet."

If the reader thinks "Bloody Tom" culpable, what defense has he for his rival? The patent-medicine man proposes to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, with pill, potion and lotion. Perhaps, if interrogated, the patent-medicine prince's justification would be the same as that of "Bloody Tom."

"One half the world couldn't live if the other half weren't fools. If my medicine don't do any good, I'm sure it don't do any harm—that's one satisfaction."

Can the medical faculty, one and all, say the same with equal frankness of their curatives?

THE COMING DRAMATIST.

"The coming dramatist" has been so long on the way that his arrival is probably postponed to a remote date. In the meantime reams of foolscap are used by those who would achieve fame in the most uncertain of all literary efforts—the concoction of a successful play.

An author may write terse English—have both a romantic and a humorous vein—but in the absence of a thorough knowledge of the stage and its requirements, and the taste of the theatregoer for the time being, his child of fancy will be but short-lived, even if by good fortune it should secure the practical test of a production.

As long as pen, ink and paper exist, ambitious people will possess romance and dramatize. Some to be rewarded with flattering and cheering success, while others equally, perhaps more, industrious, but less gifted, will make most lamentable failure.

Many an author, in submitting a MS. play to a manager for perusal, has requested at the same time an opinion—and how many a lying one has been returned with the rejected dramatization!

"A capital production, but my engagements the present season are such as to prevent my putting it on." Again:

"Requires too much getting-up. Should be brought out at some large theatre, where it is sure to achieve success."

This is what might be called letting one down easy, and, in the case of a critic-playwright, it is a shrewd and convenient device whereby the manager may conciliate him.

An unfortunate wretch who had written a baker's dozen of plays, all of which were "respectfully declined," submitted his fourteenth production to a manager with a request that, in case of declination, it might be returned with an "opinion" in writing. The manager complied with the following:

MANAGER'S OFFICE, ——— THEATRE, Etc.

DEAR SIR: I have given your MS. drama a careful perusal, and, as you desire it, will give you my opinion in writing. I find that it is too heavy for the stage and too light for the junk-shop.

In spite of this insult to genius, the young dramatist is hard at work on his fifteenth drama, much to the joy of his stationer and the regret of his landlady, who growls at the extravagant gas-bills resulting from the night-hours' work of her ambitious boarder. In this, his last, and what promises to be his greatest effort, he says he shall concentrate the combined styles and merits of Boucicault, Daly, Bartley Campbell, Meegher and McCloskey.

P. T. B.

When Barnum publishes an additional chapter to his autobiography, as is his annual custom, he should find room for a satisfactory explanation of an incident of the Broadway parade of his great show in New York.

Horses and riders, elephants and camels, chariots, vans and dens filled the thoroughfare for a mile, and at last, on account of a blockade of omnibuses, the procession was turned aside. A feature of the line were a large number of Indians, supposed to have just arrived from the plains, and as ferocious and unwashed as any that ever figured in the most thrilling of dime-novels.

The noble red men attracted no little attention, and considerable surprise was created when one of the most stalwart of the sons of the forest exclaimed, in the most unmistakable Milesian and sweetest of Dublin brogue:

"Howld, every divil of yo, an' be afther getting aroun' the corner."

How an Indian should have a brogue is a mystery—probably as capable of solution as the presence of "ozone" in the atmosphere at Bridgeport.

THE MAIDEN'S REQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

Sweet, gentle wind, soft as a maiden's sigh,
Seek thou the one I love and make thy moan;
Tell him that for his love I pine, I die—
Without it life's a desert bleak and lone:
Kiss thou his lips—for that I may not dare—
Then come to me, and we the kiss will share.

Ye little birds, returned from warmer climes,
Rehearsing love-songs from each bush and tree,
Go warble round his home your notes of joy—
Perchance they'll lead him then to think of me;
Tell him how lone, how wretched is my state,
And that I seek in him my Spring-time mate.

Ye early flowers, that lift your starry eyes
Above the ground, where ye so long have lain
In Winter's cold embrace, O bear my sighs
Upon your odorous breath, my grief, my pain
And when he sees the flower I love so well,
Then all the longings of my bosom tell.

Pale, modest moon, thou art the lover's hope;
To thee I wait beneath the linden tree;
No more in doubt and sorrow let me grope—
Oh bliss divine, his arms encircle me!
Now do I rest upon his beating heart—
In sweet assurance we no more will part.

THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW Y

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department: no answers by mail.

DUCK THORNTON.—No crew of any professional or amateur oarsmen representing the United States ever defeated an English crew in English waters. The Wards beat two crews from England on Saratoga Lake, N. Y., in 1857, in which year, also, the St. John (N. B.) four vanquished Renforth's crew (from Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng.) on the Kennebeccasis River, near St. John. The only crews that ever went from this country to England to row were one from Harvard College and one from the Atalanta Club of this city, both being defeated on the Thames. 2. Third base is the more difficult position of the two.

L. SHORT, Providence.—1. Peter Sheppard beat A. Mills, Con. Riordan and Jim Murphy; was beaten by W. Atkinson and E. Jones, and fought a draw with Mike Coburn—an off-hand scrap for a purse. 2. Coburn and Mace fought at Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 25, 1873, the battle ending in a draw. 3. He is in St. Louis, Mo.; height, 5ft. 10¼in. 4. The only pictures of Edwards for sale are large lithographs, which you can obtain from Ed. James; price, $3 each.

BIG JOHN, New Orleans.—As the Mississippi Fire Company No. 2 came into possession of "the horns" solely through the superior throwing of their old engine, if they never one for which they have exchanged her at the manufactory fails, upon being fairly tried, to equal or excel the throw made by Crescent No. 24—320ft. pin.—they should return the symbol of the championship to the latter, which is credited with the second-best performance.

BILLY MULLICA, Baltimore.—In the rough-and-tumble fight between Bill Poole and Tom Morrissey, in Amos street, this city, in 1854, it was all at the time alleged by Morrissey and his friends, and denied by the opposite party, that the latter was pulled down and kicked by Poole's friends. It is certain that a number of the latter's friends were present, while John Ling was probably the only friend of Morrissey on the ground.

NO SIGNATURE.—We cannot decide your question. We find a record as follows: "At the Broadway Theatre, on Dec. 1, 1851, 'Ingomar the Barbarian' was first represented in New York." The late F. B. Conway acted Ingomar. The late Mr. Eddy may or may not have acted it at the Bowery Theatre prior to that time; but as we have no complete record of plays produced at that theatre, we cannot say.

DECLINED.—"Sixty Years Ago," "Lost Hours," "Remember Me When I Am Gone," "Crooked Whiskey," "Out of Engagement," "Thought," "Sweet Ellie," "O, Bring Me the Songs of My Childhood," "Belcher Kate," "Pretty Mary of Tipperary," "Early in the Spring," "Drowning Sorrow," "Wipe Off Your Chin," "What Should Make Thee Rat?" "Nobody Knew," "The U. S. Marines," "Would Make Room for Sister Sal."

MUSICIAN.—A cornet can be purchased for $20 upwards. The prices vary so frequently that we can only refer you for a definite answer to Herman Bonning, musical instrument dealer, 9 and 11 Park place, N. Y., who can furnish you with a special price-list. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, this city, publish as cornet instructors—Arbuckle's method, $3; Hatton's School, $1.50; Howe's Instructor, 50c.; and Winner's School, 75c.

C. G. B., Marathon.—The book you name is scarce. It would be impossible for us to state the price, as such matters in such cases are a matter of private bargain. Dealers in old books in this city are so numerous that we cannot undertake to give you a list. Write to T. H. Morrell, 78 Nassau street. He makes a specialty of those matters.

R. H. W., Harrisburg.—The Bostons and Athletics won a majority of their cricket games in England, and drew the rest, not losing a single game. Seven matches were played against some of the best twelves of London, Nottingham, Manchester, Liverpool and Dublin.

H. D.—1. The woods are full of operators, and their salaries run "high, low and medium," from $25 per week and upwards. 2. Compositors run from $10 to $40, and average about $16, it depending upon the nature of the work.

ENGINE-HOUSE No. 10, Pittsburg.—1. As A and B had but six spades, they lose the game for calling out on spades. 2. There is no precedence—among good players in a call-out game. The "ace" only wins, if he can make good on a "show;" if not, he loses.

F. G. E., Hartford.—B's jack put him out. But it is a high old game of pedro in which third-trump plays can be made on the deal. We shall be pleased to hear that this game is "Emperor-grandee-don-sancho-pedro-and-high-low-jack-game."

A. H. C., Columbus.—Do not review dramatic performances that take place prior to the Monday before you write. In reviewing variety halls, speak only of the fresh people, and give arrivals, departures and announcements for the following week.

MUSICIAN, Chicago.—Your money is not deposited in the bank, but invested in Government securities. The only way for you to get it would be to sell them and pay you or give a reliable attorney, or some other person there, power to act for you.

F. P., Otter.—The ALMANAC is correct, and the other figures are also correct as those of a census return can be. No one can give the exact population of a city of 300,000 inhabitants, where persons are continually moving, births and deaths occurring.

HENRY F. RODEN, New Britain.—1. The measurement should be taken not more than 18 inches from the inside edge. No allowance for turning corners. 3. He can talk where he pleases.

BILLY X, Brooklyn.—1. From $20 to $75 per week. 2. Born in Eng and. Came to this country when an infant, and has been on the stage ever since. He was five years of age. She is married. 3. 15 cents per line, agate measure.

S. AND J., Boston.—1. You had better abandon all idea of it. Those in the business can only get occasional engagements. You could not command any salary until you had made some reputation. 2. About 9 or 10 years of age.

F. G., Sharon.—1. The Star Theatre, New York, has the largest seating capacity of all the theatres in this country. 2. As there is no "Scottish throne," there can be no kelt to it.

FRANKLIN, Charlestown.—1. If you cannot mutually agree upon some competent person, give the stakeholder power to appoint a referee. 2. "Texas Jack" was born in Virginia, is light-complexioned, and has light hair.

FOLICEMAN, Philadelphia.—Blackfish and mackerel are caught in nets sunk from sailing vessels; but they can be caught in good quantities with hook and line, as they will bite at almost anything.

E. M.—A loses the second bet. If he meant that B would not win the first bet, he should have said so. Instead of that, he positively contracted to win it himself. Besides, he cannot think and he knows it.

J. E. M., Ithaca.—Not having taken all his points as soon as they were due him, A could not afterwards apply the odds—if any—except with the consent of B, and he hasn't the game.

J. E. N., Annapolis.—B should have claimed the sell before he looked at his cards. He is in no hurry as he was taking two chances, assuming that he did not look at them, he can require A to deal.

S. G., Subscriber.—The forfeit is determined by the standing of the respective nines. G made the fifty good on the Saturday appointed, and M did not, then G is entitled to the forfeit.

W. D., Chicago.—You seem to have had a great deal of trouble over credentials. It is against our rules to issue fresh credentials to the same person until the expired card is returned.

F. G. G., Boston.—There is no person in this city who makes a specialty of teaching serio comic vocalism; but any teacher of vocal music could fit a lady for that business.

SUB, Worcester.—Cannot spare the necessary space to comply with your request. Send to Ed. James, as directed in answer to 2.

HARLOWIST.—1. Yes cannot command any salary until you have acquired some reputation. Until then accept whatever is offered. 2. It will do.

J. C. KOOKAH.—We have no knowledge of his present whereabouts. Address a letter to him in care of this office. The address of Parsons on the envelope varies.

W. J. H.—1. Miss Fanny Davenport was born in London, Eng., but we have no record of the correct date. 2. Booth's Theatre was built by private persons, and the Bowery, 1775.

HARLEIGHT.—Write to Anderson & Jones, 199 Grand street, New York, who can make small lanterns to be worn on the hat or elsewhere, as you may desire.

H. ROGERS.—1. John Morrissey defeated Yankee Sullivan in the only battle in which they were engaged. 2. Inquire at the offices of the journals mentioned.

F. V. M., Maynard.—Liverpool is not a city. Cities in England are not created so easily or so frequently as in this country.

L. L.—He can draw to anything. The discard will show that he opened on a pair of jacks, and that is all that was necessary.

J. E. M.—B cannot call for a shuffle, but he can call for a new deal, if he caught the dealer looking at the deck before serving cards. In that case, bets would be drawn.

FOREIGNER, D. C.—1. He will have to be naturalized, unless his father has meanwhile become a citizen. 2. Much over baseball reformers.

TOMAHAWK.—"A and B are cutting for deal at cribbage. A cuts a jack, and "B a king. Which deals?".....Neither. Cut again. They are of equal value in cutting for deal.

H. S.—Edwin Booth was considered a better actor than his brother J. Wilkes at the time of the latter's death.

LOBOS.—It is impossible to say at the present time whether Barry Sullivan will act again in this city or not prior to his departure for England.

J. M. C., Philadelphia.—Peruse our variety summary, and, if you do not find their whereabouts there, address a letter to them in care of this office.

P. M. S., Ithaca.—Get a house-carpenter to make you a pair of wooden shoes, if you cannot buy them already made.

OYSTER OPENER, Yorkville.—Put up a deposit in this office, and your offer will probably meet with a favorable response. See challenge in our advertising columns.

R. B. A., Columbia.—We cannot refer you to anybody. Better write to the leading manufacturers, care of *Army and Navy Journal*, this city.

PAUL, Detroit.—Get a copy of Ed. James' book, entitled "Terrier Dogs." For address and price see advertisement.

A AND B.—This bet is off for lack of a mutual understanding.

JOHN WINGFIELD.—Will do so as soon as we hear from him.

M. L. S., Auburn.—J. H. McLaughlin is the champion wrestler of America.

P. E. T., Bloomington.—It is against our rules to issue a fresh card until the old one is returned.

DEVOTEE.—We do not know the author, and the lines do not fit the late lamented

P. P. S, Peoria.—Thank you and your fellow-"Democrats."

SPIDER.—It does not possess sufficient general interest. It awaits your order.

FRANCIS O.—Baltimore.—We have already published one on that subject.

TWO TO ONE, Troy.—The Bostons won the pennant in 1872, '73, '74 and '75.

SQUARE DEAL, Hartford.—O'Rourke is going to play in the Boston nine.

W. H. K., Chicago.—B is entitled to two points for a cechre.

WORCESTER SUBSCRIBER.—Having made the three he gave, B is out on his high.

SUB. ST. JAMES.—At all-fours, the dealer is entitled to count a game point when his cards run out.

DOMINOES, Memphis.—B must draw all the remaining pieces, unless A has played his last piece.

READER.—Step into the court-room and inquire, which is not the proper way for us to do to answer the question.

J. B. R., Brooklyn.—We have all that we require just now.

M. H. P., Waiseka.—We do not deal in books or pamphlets.

G. S. S., Jackson.—Thank you, but long ago we were placed in possession of a copy.

J. AND H.—I sell a horse only as an advertisement, the same as Dr. Landis' cards.

CITIZEN, Washington.—Lotta was born in Grand street, New York, in 1857.

PROFESSIONAL, Philadelphia.—A forward somersault is considered the most difficult to accomplish.

REFLAW, Pittsburg.—The ring is usually worn on the third finger.

S. St. Louis.—We have not heard of their being set to music.

C. H., Wilkesbarre.—*Fistiana* contains no mention of a pugilist named Thiel.

A. B.—The man wins who is nearer to 200, or who goes the farther beyond 200, on even pitches.

CONSTANT READER, Clifton, Chippewa Falls.—1. Quebec, June 8, 1832. 2. New York, June 21, following.

W. B. F.—Your advertisement will cost 75c. for each insertion.

W. W. H., Casey.—It is not possible for us to answer such personal queries.

J. F.—1. A could call out on cards. 2. Making trump of same color as that turned down is "Dutching."

J. S., Olneyville.—Robert Chambers the oarsman and Arthur Chambers the pugilist are natives of England.

J. D. F.—We will give three insertions to your card for amount sent.

A. W. N., Grand Rapids.—There are no such lists that you can obtain.

MARSHALL.—We do not know what the rates are at those Pittsburg hotels.

NEW READER, Pittston.—1. No. 2. He was born in Dublin, Ireland.

L. G. D., Charlotte.—No answers by mail. See answer to "Inquirer, Boston" in our issue dated Jan. 29, 1876.

DIAMOND.—Such an expression, or one very similar to it, is used in the play of Othello.

NAMELESS, Brooklyn.—Nothing can deprive the widow of her dower, which is one third.

C. J. A., Baltimore.—In Grand street, New York, Nov. 7, 1847.

W. G., Columbus.—In a variety theatre, San Francisco, Cal., when about 5 years of age.

SOLOMON.—Eighty-eight dollars, if the fight were for six dollars a side and twenty a side on the main.

JOCKEY, St. Louis.—1. Yes; probably more than one. 2. Old Bob Ganet, Lexington, N. Y.

F. S., Galva.—Jenny Lind was born in or near Stockholm, Sweden.

PHOTO COLLECTOR.—1. They are not actresses. 2. Mr. Fay, No. 21 Chatham street.

J. R. R., Indianapolis.—When sequence flushes are played, they beat four aces.

T. B., Boston.—At raffles, two fours and a five beat two fives and an ace.

SUBSCRIBER, Trenton.—There is no rotation. One point will count as soon as another.

B. F., Kansas City.—1. Six different ways. 2. We do not decide bets on the relative circulations of newspapers.

LONGLEY, Chelsea.—A wins. Andrew Johnson was impeached.

E. B. S., Chicago.—C can deal, or he can make A deal again.

TROUT, Phila.—We believe there is. Send to Ed. James, 88 Centre street, this city, for a catalogue.

F. MCCARTHY.—We have nothing relating thereto which we can accept as a record.

"SOFT GANNON," Elizabethport.—Address Ed. James, 88 Centre street.

H. J. C., Elmhamb.—There is no contradiction in the rules.

J. F. M., Pawtucket.—State the question more fully.

TEXAS.—Address "Land Office," Washington, D. C.

CASSINO, Grand Rapids.—A is out for the first.

FORT BRADDAN.—Please see "Subscriber, Fort Randall."

AJAX, Paterson.—They shall be forwarded to you.

E. B. G., Boston.—We shall be pleased to see it.

OYSTER.—The prices at the Broad ranche varies.

QUARTET, Washington.—"250 Republican" wins.

NO SIGNATURE.—Hermit won the Derby in 1867.

M. D.—Sept. 21, 1869, was Tuesday—Friday 17th.

D. R. A., Albany.—He never acted in that play.

STOCKHOLDER, Louisville.—B's low-jack wins.

FRANKLIN, Rochester.—B won second game.

W. K. J., Caney.—Either Galvin will play.

S. E. T.—Cannot say why McBride left.

G. B., Chicago.—C can either deal or beg.

QUILL, Cincinnati.—Temple is living.

W. H. W., Montgomery.—No. 1 pin.

M. M. P., Detroit.—He is married.

A NEW STORY.

The favor with which THE CLIPPER serials have been received, and the increasing interest manifested in their perusal, have induced us to continue their publication, and to call in the aid of well-known authors in that branch of our specialties. The story of "Froment and Risler," which took the French prize, and which was translated for THE CLIPPER by the well-known writer Miss Celia Logan, has enlisted unusual attention from the novelty of its plot, and the careful treatment it has received at the hands of the translator.

A new volume of THE CLIPPER will open with the issue bearing date April 1, which will appear in a complete dressing of new type, now being manufactured for us; and in that number we intend to commence the publication of a new serial romance by one of the popular dramatists of the day, written expressly for this paper. It is entitled

THE PRIDE OF PIUTE;
OR,
THE LOVE THAT WAS LOST.
A Story of the Sierras.
BY BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

In twenty-three chapters, as follows:

1. In the Canon.
2. Out of the Jaws of Death.
3. Seeking a New Home.
4. A Christmas-eve.
5. A Roadside Encounter.
6. Humiliation.
7. All about Love.
8. An Unexpected Blow.
9. A Strange Scene.
10. In which Joe Suffers.
11. Love Gains a Victory.
12. Strange Faces.
13. They Meet Again.
14. Pet and Mabel.
15. Wedding Bells.
16. Wedded Bliss.
17. Into Temptation.
18. Sarah Journeys Home.
19. Seeking Surcease from Sorrow.
20. In the Hands of Justice.
21. For Her Sake.
22. Back to Pluto.
23. The Curtain Falls.

The romance is replete with interest from the opening chapter to the "Fall of the Curtain," the situations and incidents being exciting dramatic. The characters are well drawn and life-like, the scenes are realistic and touching, and the plot is carried out in a natural manner, the entire story being clothed in chaste and beautiful language, and a pure, healthful moral underlying the entire work.

THE ALMANAC.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1876 is now ready; and by reading the table of contents, published in our advertising department, our readers will find that this edition contains a great deal of interesting matter in the way of stories and poems, besides the reliable and carefully-edited theatrical and sporting records, which are the special feature of this publication. As this is the Centennial year, we have also added a comprehensive chronological history of the United States. Our baseball friends will also find a history of their game and a record of the more important contests of last season. The astronomical data are furnished by a well-known specialist, and we feel assured that THE ALMANAC for 1876 contains just the information that our readers want in a book of its character. Copies are mailed from this office at the retail price, 15 cents; but dealers are requested to send their orders to their wholesale news-agents.

ERRATUM.—In "Mail Time and Estimated Distances to Prominent Cities," on page 26 of THE ALMANAC, a typographical error makes the time from New York to Washington, D. C., 19 hours. It should be 9 hours.

AN ADMIRER OF ERIN'S greatest bard thinks that Dublin must be like Maryland, because they had a *Ba ze Moore* there once. It's *hard of 'Erin* to joke so. It makes us *Ire-ish*.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS is crying for a third party. We guess that one of the coming conventions will furnish it in the shape of a "surprise party."

DID THE VENDUE READER ever notice that police, men, as a rule, are most formidable when they *club together?*

HARD PAN.—And now it seems that *Daniel drew* until he "drew out" himself.

Sunday Musings.

What wonder that our "legal lights"
Are not more pricked than they are,
When men who mean to *break the law*
Will seek admission to the "bar?"

THE INSTITUTION of a baseball "League" has not created that feeling of harmony and good-will so necessary to the welfare of our national game; and it is feared that the growing discontent may culminate in such dissatisfaction as to deter many of the old patrons of the sport from attending contests in which the Leagues take part. The objection is that, while acting in secrecy, ostensibly in the interests of reform, the League was, in reality, seeking to pull down Eastern clubs for the benefit of Western organizations, the League movement having its origin in the West. First, the Boston Club was denuded of several of its best players in a somewhat questionable manner, and these players were translated to Western soil. The Philadelphia Club was permitted to engage members for the Centennial season, and to expend considerable sums of money in preparing for the campaign, at the very time when a secret League was forming to ignore the club altogether. The Philadelphia was denied admission to the League because of its alleged "crookedness" in the past; and yet we find that the players who did the "crooked" work for the Philadelphias were subsequently engaged by clubs belonging to the League. It is this inconsistency which induces a want of faith on the part of the bulk of the patrons of the game in the promises of the League. We regret that there should be any cause of dissatisfaction during the Centennial season, and we shall be pleased to learn that the League has reconsidered its vote against the Eastern clubs marked out for slaughter, and that peace and harmony once more reign.

THE TWENTY-THIRD (annual) volume of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER closes with this number, and we take occasion to thank our friends for their continued support, and for their aid and assistance in enabling us to bring to their present high standard of excellence and reliability the various departments and specialties of our paper. Although the past year has been one of unusual depression in general business circles, yet we are happy to state that THE CLIPPER has passed through the storm without materially feeling its effects; and the end of the old volume gives evidence that we are once more in smooth water, and that the coming year will be a busy one with us. Everything denotes it—our circulation, for some time at a stand-still, is now on the rise; our advertising patronage is once more on the increase; and the busy note of preparation in the various sporting and theatrical interests shows that THE CLIPPER will be crowded with more than usually valuable products during the Centennial year.

THAT BUSINESS is reviving can be seen everywhere. Restaurants give you smaller "portions" than usual, and charge more for the same. Saloon-keepers bring forth proof of it in the waterproof liquors they offer you. In your cigars, Connecticut leaf figures without your leave; and if you ask for a superior article the seller replies: "We don't *know any* better." Your roast beef is adulterated with juvenile veal, and imposed upon you for tenderloin! The shoemaker gets back at you with paper *half-soles;* and, too late, you discover that you have been *whole sold!* If you go to the grocer's and purchase a half-hundred of sugar, your wife is not slow to let you know what a sandy foundation you built your hopes upon! Should you invest in two or three cents' worth of mustard, sawdust is made to take away the sting. This is biting sarcasm! Why, the very flowers on your wife's new Spring hat are nothing but artificial! Yes; business is reviving.

GENTLEMEN who are in prison atoning for crimes committed by them in the past are bitterly lamenting their fate, now that the Centennial provides such a harvest for the industry of the rogues of all nations! To be incarcerated in a felon's cell is a great punishment, but to be deprived of all opportunity of assisting at the national exhibition is much greater. Pardon-brokers have more business than they can attend to, a nd this, too, at increased rates.

GREAT CARE is taken of the health of Pesach N. Rubenstein, convicted of the murder of his cousin. His father objects to Pesach's use of the bath, on the ground that he *might take cold!* Considering that Pesach is likely to be executed, this precaution against taking cold is remarkable.

AT THE Moody and Sankey meeting, last week prayers were offered up in behalf of the students of Yale College. No explanation was given, and we are at a loss for the cause of this zeal on behalf of the Yale people. We trust that the latter have not been guilty of any *extra*-ordinary offenses.

PRIVILEGES bring fabulous prices at the Centennial. The expert who offered fifty thousand dollars for the exclusive privilege of picking pockets during the exhibition has been sent to the insane asylum; and yet the man is as sane as any of our crazy assassins!

THE GREAT POET had no reference to the newly-appointed Secretary-of-war when he wrote that beautiful poem commencing: "Taft he was a Welshman, Taft he was a thief." This should be known, in justice to the *present* incumbent.

A CHICAGO PAPER, in reference to corruption in public office, etc., says: "The way to recover our lost credit is to pursue the rascals with the utmost diligence." Why this partiality? Why not also pur sue those rascals *without* the utmost diligence?

PERFIDIOUS POLITICIANS are reviving the old cry of "measures, not men." This, no doubt, is in the interests of the striking tailors for, if a tailor *measures not men*, who does?

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY we observed one of our Irish friends bent on a visit to his sweetheart, and that simple act reminded us of a great contractor around the East River. "Why?" says you. "Because of his *going to Bridget!*"

THERE IS A CERTAIN TOWN in the Bay State that ought to be very unpopular, because it's always *Taunton, Massachusetts!* See? *Tauntin' Massachusetts.*

THEY ARE about to cut down the President's salary. Will such a course necessitate the use of a bell-punch by the President?

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On March 13: Lieutenant-governor Davis of Mississippi was impeached.....Thirty bodies were stated to have been recovered by the Brooklyn fire commission.....At Hull, Canada.....A large number of persons were given employment by the resumption of work at the Reading (Pa.) Coal Company's collieries.....District-attorney John W. Johnson was arrested at Lancaster, Pa., charged with issuing forged and fraudulent naturalization papers. .....Republican gains were reported from Maine, where municipal elections were held.....It was stated that the new party in Serbia had brought great pressure to bear on Prince Milan, and a rumor prevailed that the National Militia had been ordered to be ready to march a moment's notice.....Ex-Governor Geo. S. Boutwell, from Cuba, Canada, Omaha, Neb.....Patrick Calahan drowned himself at Salmon Falls, N. H.....While resisting arrest, John Bell of Florida, N. Y., was fatally shot.....Daniel Simons of West Deerfield, Mass., was killed on the railroad.....Ezra P. Stevens, a prominent citizen of Rockland, N. Y., was reported to have hanged himself on the 10th inst. .....Mrs. Harriet Pearsall ended her life in like manner in Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞, March 14: P. G. Cheney (Rep.) was elected Governor of New Hampshire, and the returns showed large Republican gains throughout the State.....The National Bank of the State of New York was formally suspended by action of the Clearing-house Association.....Hallett Kilbourne, real-estate agent of the Washington ring, was committed to the common jail for contempt in refusing to produce his books and papers for examination.....Michael McConnell was hanged at Hamilton, Ont., for the murder of Alson Mills.....The United States Senate reduced the President's salary to $25,000 per annum.....Foreign dispatches stated that numerous casualties, some of them fatal, were caused by the gale of 9,000, that visited England and portions of the Continent on the 12th inst.; that peace negotiations had been consulted between Japan and Corea; that the opposition in the English House of Commons, with the Marquis of Hartington at their head, will make a formal attack on the Royal Titles Bill; that the German Government will postpone the proposed demonetization of silver in consequence of its depreciation of value, which would involve a loss of several millions of marks to the Treasury; that the arrest of Ljubobratich had produced great excitement in Servia, and threatening demonstrations were made in Zara, where he was sent for internment; that the Abbyssinians had been completely defeated, and the King had made overtures for peace; that Montenegro had ordered to form an offensive and defensive alliance with Serbia and Roumania; that the Roumanians had paid the tribute due the Porte, but their renewed request for a commutation was opposed by the Porte; that Belgrade was illuminated in honor of the insurgent victory at Moratovirza; that A. H. Hoffman & Co. of London, Eng., had failed for $300,000; and that the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier and M. Grevy had been respectively elected presidents of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies. .....Michael Collins of Newark, N. J., broke his neck by a fall.....Jacob Rosehill blew out his brains at St. Louis.....Fireman Fisher's horse crushed him to death against a telegraph-pole at Jamaica Plain, Mass.....Mrs. Christopher Weinhold committed suicide in Baltimore, Md., by cutting her throat.....There was a cable-train and dwelling, Rock Island, Vt.—loss $10,000, insured for $6,000; Dr. Jas. W. Bartlett's barn, Newton, Mass.—loss $8,500, partially insured; Shewan's oil-refining, Montreal, Can., Mass.—loss $5,500.....Mary Ray aged an infant in her arms were burned to death while lighting a fire with kerosene, in this city.

☞, March 18: Mr. and Mrs. Marsh consented to return to Washington, D. C., from Montreal, Canada, being guaranteed against prosecution because of any evidence they might give regarding their connection with ex-Secretary Belknap in the matter of post-tradership.....The coroner's jury rendered a verdict against Thos. J. Bartell, the alleged murderer of Mrs. Hammond at his city.....It was cabled that King Alfonso would enter Madrid, Spain, on the 20th, at the head of 25,000 troops, and there will be three days of public festivities there in honor of the event.....The Minister of Finance demands a credit for 1,750,000 francs for the relief of sufferers by the inundations; that Herzegovinians are obtaining arms from Austria, and there is much suffering among the wounded on both sides; and that the Italian Ministry were defeated by a decided vote on the question of finance.....Judge Brady of this city granted Pesach N. Rubenstein, the convicted murderer of Sara Alexander, a stay of proceedings.....Mr. Barlow of Barlow, Sanderson & Co., postal contractors, testified that in 1872 he paid $5,000 to Tom Tarrar, deceased, $40,000 to suppress investigation by the McKibben Committee in Washington.....J. D. Bell, proprietor of *The People's Press*, killed Patrick Carey in Portland, Me.....A locomotive was thrown into the lake at Milwaukee, Wis., by the giving-way of a trestle-work, Engineer Berry and Fireman Long being killed.....Jacob Schaffer was killed named Phelps was fatally shot in Utah by Sheriff Halliday, upon whom he had fired.....Henry A. Hammond was arrested near Rockville, Ind., for the alleged murder of Peter Remy at Jonesboro, Illinois.....The Missouri State Lottery, in St. Louis, were raided by the police.....Abraham Garrison, aged 16, was killed by being caught in the belting of the details of the Novelty Iron Works, Boston, Mass.—loss $3,000; Dr. Hall's dwelling, Fishkill, N. Y.—loss $2,500, insured for $2,000.

☞, March 19: Gen. R. C. Schenck, late U. S. Minister to England, arrived at New York en route to Washington, D. C.....News was received that the Government troops had attacked the Revolutionists who were raising disturbances near Matamoras, Mexico.....George Lovejoy, an ex-detective, committed suicide by shooting in a cell in a police-station, at Brooklyn, N. Y.....In the same city Lafayette Baldwin, it was alleged, was threatened by Henry Higginbotham, who is accused of being improperly intimate with Mrs. Murray.....Cable dispatches stated that the Italian Ministry had resigned; that Mount Vesuvius was in eruption, and streams of lava were flowing toward Pompeii; that the report of the election of Bonapartist senators in the Department of Gironde, France, was confirmed; that the Spanish Government was conveying Scotland, had been blocked with snow for thirty-four hours; that the steamer Isabel was wrecked on Pewtucker Rocks, between St. Ives and Land's End, the crew of thirty perishing; that the Bishop of Paderborn had secretly left Ireland for—it was supposed—England, the reason being given that Prussia had demanded his extradition or expulsion; that rumors were current that Austria would be drawn into the Turkish forces and the insurgents in Herzegovina; and that there was no truth in the report that Russian troops had occupied the territory of the Porte.....Thos. Carberry was frozen to death in a vacant lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.....Losses by fire: the Elmville Woolen Mills, at Cranston, R. I.—loss over $175,000, insured for $132,920; the Town Hall and store and dwelling, Pa.—loss $100,000, insured for $26,000; Hall's Hotel, Whitehall, N. Y.—loss $30,000, covered by insurance; the old Catholic Convent and several stores, Scranton, Pa.—loss $20,000.

☞, March 20: That part of Charleston, S. C., bounded on the north by the race-course, on the south by Columbia street and Roger's Alley on the east by the South Carolina Railroad, and on the west by St. Philip and Mercy streets, was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of about $800,000.....Secretary Bristow made a perfectly satisfactory statement before the House Committee on War Department Expenditures, relating to his connection with the Thompson mule claim.....Suicides: Hugh Marsden, by drowning himself in a well at Bridgeport, Conn.; F. P. Marshall of the United States demands a credit for 1,750,000 francs for the relief of sufferers by the inundations; that Herzegovinians are obtaining arms from Austria, and there is much suffering among the wounded on both sides; and that the Italian Ministry were defeated by a decided vote on the question of finance.....Judge Brady of this city granted Pesach N. Rubenstein, the convicted murderer of Sara Alexander, a stay of proceedings.....Mr. Barlow of Barlow, Sanderson & Co., postal contractors, testified that in 1872 he paid $5 000 to Tom Tarrar, deceased, $40,000 to suppress investigation by the McKibben Committee in Washington.....J. D. Bell, proprietor of *The People's Press*, killed Patrick Carey in Portland, Me.....A locomotive was thrown into the lake at Milwaukee, Wis., by the giving-way of a trestle-work, Engineer Berry and Fireman Long being killed.....Jacob Schaffer was killed named Phelps was fatally shot in Utah by Sheriff Halliday, upon whom he had fired.....Henry A. Hammond was arrested near Rockville, Ind., for the alleged murder of Peter Remy at Jonesboro, Illinois.....The Missouri State Lottery, in St. Louis, were raided by the police.....Abraham Garrison, aged 16, was killed by being caught in the belting of the details of the Novelty Iron Works, Boston, Mass.—loss $3,000; Dr. Hall's dwelling, Fishkill, N. Y.—loss $2,500, insured for $2,000.

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☞, March 17: The 1,334th anniversary of St. Patrick's birth was celebrated by processions, banquets, etc., in the principal cities of this country and Ireland.....Mrs. Anne Hammond, aged about 40, was murdered in this city.....Thomas J. Bartell, the supposed murderer, was arrested.....The Centennial anniversary of Evacuation Day in Boston, Mass., was celebrated there with much display. .....Hallett Kilbourne was admitted to bail in Washington, D. C.....Telegrams from Madrid were to the effect that a passenger-train was precipitated by a broken bridge into the river Ill, in France, and, owing to the force of the swollen stream, none on board could be saved; that the Standard Oil Company had paid 500 more claims for successful operations against the Sooloo pirates; that M. Buffet declared that he will not become a candidate for a seat in the French Senate.....The Chamber of Deputies: that several members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies will attend the International Conference in favor of arbitration, and will endeavor to include in the programme to propose at the Conference the conclusion of arbitration treaties and the reduction of armaments; that Serbia has determined to immediately, with the assistance of Russian money, complete her military purposes; that the war feeling in Serbia is aggravated by continued raids of the Turkish troops on the frontier, and Prince Milan, in an interview with the Austrian representative, said that, if Austria remained inactive, he could not remain behind, and preparation for war was all the more necessary, as the Turks were receiving reinforcements; that the cargo of the British yacht Octavia, captured by the Spaniards near Porto Rico, consisted of 4,000 muskets; that, in a four hours' speech in the Spanish Cortes, Senor Castelar criticised the ministry on the religious and the educational question, declaring that ultramontanism had created the civil war; that the Marquis De Nadaillac, the legitimist Deputy, had left Paris on his way to convey the news of the Carlists, will be removed by the French Government; and that three more business failures had occurred in London.....Mr. Osborne of the firm of Hayden & Osborne, New York, was killed, and broke his neck while repairing a damper in a boiler-flue at Pawtucket, R. I.....Lieut.-gov. Ames of Mississippi resigned.....Losses by fire: Jacob Rosehill, blew out his brains at St. Louis.....Fireman Fisher's horse crushed him to death against a telegraph-pole at Jamaica Plain, Mass.....Mrs. Christopher Weinhold committed suicide in Baltimore, Md., by cutting her throat.....There was a cable-train and dwelling, Rock Island, Vt.—loss $10,000, insured for $6.000; Dr. Jas. W. Bartlett's barn, Newton, Mass.—loss $8,500, partially insured; Shewan's oil-refining, Montreal, Can., Mass.—loss $5,500.....Mary Ray aged an infant in her arms were burned to death while lighting a fire with kerosene, in this city.

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BASEBALL NOTES.

Amateur clubs are organizing for the Centennial year all over the country, and unquestionably a number of interesting and reliable games will be played by the leading amateur teams. There is an *esprit du corps* among amateur-club nines which is seldom seen in professional organizations; and, though the display of skill of the amateurs may not be up to the mark of the trained nines of the professional organizations, the fact that the former generally play their best to win gives an interest to their games which largely compensates for the inferior play. No which largely compensates for the inferior play. No contests will exceed, in this special respect, the meetings of the college-club nines, those of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, etc., promising to be of a high order of skill in amateur playing.....A majority of the Fair Ground Associations of the different States will hold baseball tourneys this season in connection with their State and County Fair meetings, and the prizes offered will draw out a great deal of amateur talent.....We saw Burdock in Brooklyn last week, and he stated to us, in a conversation on the crooked business indulged in last season, that a well-known player positively offered him $1,000 to sell a game between the Hartford and Philadelphia Club nines. And yet the player in question is still employed.....The book containing the constitution and by-laws, with the playing rules of the National League, is published by Reach & Johnston of Philadelphia, and is now ready..... The new rules of the Amateur Association just suit the amateur ball-tossers. They are plain and easy of interpretation.....The New Haven Club have a strong professional team now, they are under excellent auspices, and they will be well supported by the admirers of the game in the Eastern States, the unjust action of the Chicago and St. Louis Clubs having awakened quite a sympathy for them in the East.....The success of the Chicago nine this season depends greatly upon the manner in which Spalding's management is criticized by the local press of that city. He won't stand any unjust abuse, and he does not want lavish praise. Treat him fairly, and he will run the machine well. .....The Louisville team have had their "pictures took," all sitting together, and the intelligent countenances of the boys and their manly physiques make up an excellent sub-picture..... Murnan is the heavy-weight of the Boston team, he turning the scale at 173lb. None of the team exceeds 5ft. 9½in. in height.....Al. Martin, the old Union second-base man, would like to be chosen in a good semi-professional team.....A local journal states in its baseball columns that Fulton is to pitch for the Quicksteps of Wilmington, to play in the nine of the Eagle of this city, and also to pitch for the Arlingtons. Which is correct?.....Baseball "organs" are wanted by several associations. This is not in our line. The CLIPPER being the "organ" only of the whole fraternity, North, South, East and West, amateur and professional alike.....The opening games of the season in this vicinity will probably be played this next week. Manager Cammeyer of the Brooklyn professional club has arranged to practice his team daily—weather permitting—at the Capitoline Grounds until the Union Grounds are in condition for match-playing. They will practice every afternoon at 3 o'clock against a team selected on the ground each day. Their nine will be Hicks, Mathews, Start, Craver, Nichols, Hallinan, Booth, Shandly and Boyd.....The clubs of Lynn, Lowell, Taunton and Fall River have joined the semi-professional National Association of Massachusetts, and they will adopt the amateur code of playing rules.....The Hoboken Club team will include Shreve, the old Gotham short-stop; Lewis, Donahue, Horton, Selles, McDermot and the brothers Sheerans. They will open play in April.....The Amitys of Brooklyn will present Cullen, c.; Donnelly, p.; McCarthy, 1st b.; A. Smith, 2d b.; Piggott, 3d b.; Degan, s. s.; Murphy, l. f.; Cummings, c. f.; O'Brien, r. f.....A rumor prevailed to the effect that Harry Wright's illness had assumed a serious phase; but it is now stated that his health is almost entirely restored.....The New York Eagles are to play Flynn, c.; J. Connors, p.; P. Connors, 1st b.; J. Fallon, 2d b.; C. Fallon, 3d b.; Singer, s. s.; McCoy, l. f.; Gallagher, c. f.; and Sullivan, r. f.....The *Memphis Appeal* says that the grounds of their new club are located on the line of the Louisville road at the outskirts of the city, are well graded and inclosed with high fences, containing an amphitheatre which will accommodate over five hundred spectators. The first nine is already in the field, and with one supernumerary is composed of the following players: James L. Clinton of Brooklyn; William Moore of Brooklyn; John G. Farrell of Hartford; Harry T. Luff of Philadelphia; P. C. Smith, Thomas W. Heath, H. H. Gantt, G. F. Proctor and M. Fell of Memphis. They will open play with the Louisville Club early in April, if not sooner. .....The eastern field of the Capitoline Ground is now ready for use, but the southwest field has the pipe across it, and is partly covered with water. There will be three fields there this season.

ACTIVE AND RESOLUTE OF RENOVA, Pa.—A correspondent informs us that the following men signed to play with these clubs during the season of 1876: Active—Bost, c.; Rutledge, p.; Benton, s. s.; Young, 1st b.; O'Connell, 2d b.; Forster, 3d b.; Whitby, l. f.; Elliott, c. f.; Crouse, r. f.; P. H. Hayes, manager. Resolute—Brisachen, c.; Hinkson, p.; Hahn, 1st b.; Quinn, 2d b.; Hartranft, 3d b.; Sinnott, l. f.; Armstrong, c. f.; Howard, r. f.; Friel, s. s.; Shank, sub.; Geo. W. Hitz, manager. The uniform adopted by the Resolute is a white knit-shirt, pantaloons, shoes, skull-cap, with red stockings and belt. The shirt is to be without a collar. The word "Resolute," in red letters, is to be on the breast. Their first game is to be played with the Mountain City of Altoona some time next month. The Resolute played one of their best games last season with the above club; score, 5 to 1.

REACH & JOHNSTON of Philadelphia, dealers in and manufacturers of baseball and sporting goods, insert their card in another column.

THE CAPITAL CITY CLUB of Indianapolis, Ind., reorganized by electing the following officers: J. R. Firman, president; J. B. Smith, vice-president; C. B. Jacobs, secretary. The following will be the playing nine: Smith, p.; Moore and Bachli, pitchers; McDermott, 1st b.; Eden, 2d b.; Johnston, 3d b.; Frieschen, s. s.; Julian, c. f.; Landers, r. f.; Harvey, l. f. Said to be the strongest ever organized in that city, and will entertain to the best of their ability all amateurs of the States, and they desire all professionals to stop over and give them games. All communications should be addressed to C. B. Jacobs, secretary.

AS MONEY promises to be scarce the coming season, the price of admission to baseball contests should be fixed at twenty-five cents, and an additional twenty-five cents for a reserved seat. Fifty cents will be the charge for each visitor to the Centennial Exhibition; and if baseball clubs wish to compete with the above such a grand show, they be moderate in their charges. Let the price be placed at twenty-five cents. The Centennial will interfere with baseball receipts, if the admission is not put down by the ball-tossers.

THE NASSAUS of Brooklyn, L. I., will place a strong nine in the field this season, as the following will show: Schenck, c.; Britt, p.; Denham, 1st b.; G. Galpine, 2d b.; G. Galpine, 3d b.; Keeney, s. s.; Edler, l. f.; Smith, c. f.; Paton, r. f. They will commence play in a week or two, and are going to try to come out head of the list the end of the season. Communications should be sent to their secretary, Charles Gassert, 98 Livingston street, Brooklyn.

THE UNION BASEBALL CLUB of Newark, champions of New Jersey, will appear on the ball arena this season with a team equal to that of last year. They will be ready for active service by the latter part of this month, and are desirous of hearing from all first-class amateur nines. All communications should be addressed to Geo. H. Harrison, 132 Market street, Newark, N. J.

BASEBALL MANUAL.—We understand that R. M. De Witt will shortly issue a most complete baseball manual. It will be illustrated with cuts of players in position, and with special diagrams of the strikers' positions, etc. The price will be but ten cents for a hundred pages of instructions and statistics.

THERE is trouble in the League, the Eastern clubs not being satisfied with the schedule of play-days laid out by the Western. Should the former withdraw, there will be only "half a league."

IT IS SAID that the St. Louis team are already playing a "Fowle" game.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Mr. Moore of the Staten Island Cricket Club.

THERE IS A LETTER in this office for Thos. Fallon.

THE RING.

THE FEMALE BOXERS.—That it was not a bad idea on the part of Jim Campbell, director of amusements at Harry Hill's, to introduce, as the main feature of his matinee benefit on the 16th inst., the novelty of a sparring match between two females, was amply demonstrated by the presence of so great a number of people that one could scarcely move about in the room. The crowd wanted, and ought to have had, considerably more of the fistic fun. The heroines of the afternoon were Nell Saunders, who pulls down the beam at about 120lb, and Rose Harland, whose avoirdupois is in the neighborhood of 150lb. Both are members of Hill's variety troupe, and rivals in the vocal line, and each was prepared for the contest by lessons in the art given by professional boxers. Each was attractively dressed, and their performance, in a style which, scientifically speaking, was very creditable, showing that they had not failed to profit by the instructions received at the hands of their competent manager. It was manifest though they were naturally nervous upon this their first public appearance in the role of boxers. Rose's extra weight, height and strength gave her a physical advantage over her opponent, but the latter's somewhat superior skill and quickness served to counterbalance this, in a set-to wherein neither aimed to "bore holes" in or knock "chunks of beef" off the other; and after a display in which, on the whole, the honors were about equally divided, Bill Clark, who officiated as referee, declared that Saunders was entitled to the prize by making one point more than her antagonist. The spectators were highly pleased with the way in which the girls got in their work, and applauded them often and heartily. Afterwards Harry Hill had announced that Rose and Nell had been secured to spar nightly at his theatre. Those of the sterner sex who boxed were Pete Croker and Billy Madden, Johnny Saunders and Ed. Mallahan, Jim Kelly and "the Mouse," Jack Riley and Jim Mullen, J. Bowles and J. Ledworth, and E. Doran and J. Black. Uncle Tovee, M. C.

YOUNG CARMAN, the 18-year-old son of one of the prettiest female sparring exhibitors that has appeared here in this city, took a benefit at a hall on Thirty-sixth st, near Eighth avenue, on Saturday evening, March 18, and enough of his friends gathered to make the affair a success. Those who sparred were Dougherty and Goodwin, Jack Cash and Jordan, Jim O'Brien and Wilson, J. Lust and Cash again (the former had his nose crushed in this encounter), J. McManus and Hudson, Pete Kelly and Joe Allowes, and Carman and Edler. "Prof. Pedro the Fire King" also went through a series of astonishing performances, and Peter Dolan danced a jig. Uncle Tovee was master.

PROF. WILLIAM CLARK, whose name as a scientific exponent of the art of manual defense is widely known, is having displayed his fistic knowledge in a series of combats with about all the men of note who have appeared before the public on this side of the "big drink," from piney Maine to the Golden State, during the past twenty years, and has tendered a complimentary benefit by his friends in Gotham. It will take place at Tammany Hall on Monday evening, April 3; and, as he will have the services of the leading professional and amateur boxers of this city and vicinity, with several who abide in the Quaker City and at the Hub, sport of the right kind won't be lacking.

THE WEEDEN-CLEARY MATCH, to be decided near the City of Bricks on Wednesday of this week, is exciting much interest among the sports of that place. The final deposit was staked at Arthur Chambers' on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, when the choice of ground also took place, Johnny Clark acting for Cleary, and Chambers for Weeden, the latter of whom won. Those desiring to witness the scrap, which is for $250 a side, can obtain the "office" by calling at Chambers' hostelrie, on Ridge avenue, or Clark's, on Filbert street. The principals are reported to be in capital trim, and a hard-fought battle is anticipated.

PETE CROKER now presents his claims for the consideration of the patrons of sparring exhibitions in the metropolis, having secured Harry Hill's for Thursday afternoon, March 23, commencing at three o'clock, when he will embrace, besides sparring, wrestling bouts, and the usual performances of the variety artists engaged there. The closing bout will be between Croker and Mike Taylor of Jersey City, and a sensational female boxers, Nell Saunders and Rose Harland, are announced to appear.

JOHNNY DWYER on March 17 withdrew the two hundred dollars posted several weeks previously in support of his challenge; but says that, should it hereafter be accepted, he will hold himself ready to do just exactly what he therein stated, otherwise he will pay no attention to challenges, come from whom they may.

LEW CHAMBERS, a promising young sparrer of Philadelphia, has been rendered a complimentary benefit, to take place at Rancho' Varieties, in that city, March 28, on which occasion he will spar with George Siler of New York.

JACK BOYLAN, who lately returned from Dublin, Ireland, from this city, was to have fought James Keogh at catch-weight, for £25 a side, on the 20th inst.

THERE ARE LETTERS in our care for Fred C. Corbin and Wm. Tovee.

JACK GOULDING is to perform his athletic feats, consisting of weight-throwing, running, walking, etc., at Bristol, Ct., on Saturday evening, March 25.

BOWLING.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

Since the commencement of the championship tournament to March 17, the following games have been played:

Jan.	Club.	Score.	Club.	Score.	Maj.
5	Empire	1,625	Terpsichore	1,549	76
7	Athletic	1,477	Pin Knights	1,342	73
10	Terpsichore	1,375	Empire	1,263	112
11	Athletic	1,634	Pin Knights	1,494	140
13	National	1,951	Nassau	1,594	357
14	Germania	1,647	Athletic	1,415	232
17	Nassau	1,535	National	1,435	100
19	Empire	1,460	Terpsichore	1,425	35
19	Germania	1,516	Athletic	1,490	26
26	Mutual	1,770	Athletic	1,610	160
28	Nassau	1,399	National	1,299	100
Feb. 1	Empire	1,734	Germania	1,643	91
4	Mutual	1,540	Athletic	1,505	35
4	Pin Knights	1,917	National	1,910	7
7	Nassau	1,519	Terpsichore	1,385	134
8	National	1,699	Pin Knights	1,513	186
9	Germania	1,620	Empire	1,430	190
13	Athletic	1,415	Terpsichore	1,391	24
13	Mutual	1,657	Nassau	1,522	135
14	Mutual	1,544	Nassau	1,499	45
15	Germania	1,554	Empire	1,224	30
17	Pin Knights	1,648	National	1,507	141
19	Terpsichore	1,534	Nassau	1,417	117
23	Mutual	1,558	National	1,378	180
24	National	1,458	Mutual	1,438	20
25	Athletic	1,737	Terpsichore	1,552	185
March 1	Terpsichore	1,469	Nassau	1,464	5
March 2	Athletic	1,757	Empire	1,643	114
March 3	Empire	1,593	Pin Knights	1,493	98
March 14	Mutuals	1,493	Nationals	1,456	37
March 10	Pin Knights	1,601	Mutuals	1,464	137
March 10	Athletics	1,593	Empires	1,384	209
March 17	Terpsichores	1,414	Nationals	1,334	80

The following is the summary of the games played:

	Matches.			Games.		
	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Empire	5	1	2	5	3	5
Terpsichore	5	1	2	9	4	5
Athletic	4	2	2	10	6	4
Pin Knights	2	1	1	7	3	4
National	2	0	2	9	3	6
Nassau	2	1	1	8	3	5
Germania	2	2	0	5	4	1
Mutual	3	3	0	9	7	2

MUTUALS VS. NATIONALS.

The third and deciding game of the tournament series between the Mutuals and Nationals was played on Tuesday, March 14, at Kettler's Alley, Williamsburg, L. I., and resulted in the victory of the former team. The Mutuals have now played nine games in the tournament for the championship, and have so far only sustained two defeats—once by the Pin Knights, and once by their present opponents. The game in question was remarkably closely contested, the Mutuals winning it by 37 points only. Captain Megerus led the score of the Mutual team with 197 points; while, of the Nationals, Sayers' 182 ranked the highest. Scores:

Mutual.	Strikes	Spares	Breaks	Total.	National.	Strikes	Spares	Breaks	Total.
A. Berigea	2	1	4	138	W. Ferris	2	4	4	150
Bumgartner	2	1	7	119	Savage	2	5	3	154
P. Sutter	1	5	4	142	J. Lewis	1	3	6	127
J. Zink	2	5	3	156	Schlesman	3	5	2	171
M. Bleiber	2	5	3	175	R. Clack	2	3	5	145
Falkenmayer	0	5	5	131	Sayers	5	2	3	182
Henchel	0	5	5	131	C. Clark	2	4	4	149
A. Sager	1	3	6	155	J. Gallagher	2	4	4	120
M. Schottler	2	3	5	141	J. Enrisa	2	2	6	127
M. Megerus	5	4	1	197	J. Moose	2	3	5	131
Totals	20	38	42	1493	Totals	21	35	44	1456

Umpire—J. Moller of the Pinknights. Scorers—J. J. Ellis and F. Trumpler. Time of game, 2h. 10m.

TERPSICHORE vs. NATIONAL.

The first of the series of championship games between the Terpsichore Bowling Club of New York and the National Club of Williamsburg, L. I., was played on the alley of the former, at Germania Assembly Ro ms, this city, March 17. Both clubs played several new men in their teams, and a fresh bowling interest was developed. It was expected that the Nationals would experience little or no difficulty in getting away with their present opponents; but, to the astonishment and chagrin of the visitors present, the Terpsichore bowlers took the lead at an early stage of the game, which they retained throughout, and won by 80 points. The return game will be played on the 24th inst., in Williamsburg. Frank Sauer and Henry Groh led the scores of the Terpsichores with 173 and 161, respectively; J. Parker, with 142, being the highest scorer of the Nationals. We give the full scores:

Terpsichore.	Strikes	Spares	Breaks	Total.	National.	Strikes	Spares	Breaks	Total.
C. Eiseman	1	4	5	133	W. Ferris	2	4	4	138
H. Groh	3	4	3	161	Sayers	1	3	6	134
L. Schultz	0	4	5	135	Clack	0	4	5	124
E. A. Moulle	1	6	3	160	J. Parker	2	3	5	142
E. C. Biele	2	3	5	127	Cullinan	0	5	5	122
Reid	2	2	6	124	J. Schlesman	4	0	6	107
H. Snell	1	5	4	137	Cummings	2	3	5	134
Geo. Cuhn	3	1	6	123	Gahn	3	3	4	130
J. C. Escher	2	2	6	129	Townsend	1	3	6	129
F. A. Sauer	5	3	4	173	Gallagher	1	3	6	128
Totals	19	34	45	1414	Totals	18	31	51	1334

Umpire, George Searle of the Nassau Club. Scorers, Messrs. Greenlree and Ellis. Time, 2h. 8m.

THE TERPSICHORE BOWLING CLUB.

This club gave their lady friends an evening's enjoyment at their headquarters in the Germania Assembly Rooms in the Bowery, in this city, on Wednesday, March 15, which many of the members of other bowling clubs participated. The first match played was between the married and single members of the Terpsichores, the former being captained by C. Eiseman and the latter by L. Kahn. Each team consisted of thirteen players, and the Benedicts, by their superior execution in rolling, achieved an overwhelming victory, their captain making the fine score of 217, while H. Groh, on the side of the bachelors, led with 162. We give the scores:

Married Men.	Single Men.
Chas. Eiseman	217 Leo Kahn
George Kuhn	108 E. Biele
H. Snell	111 Wm. Biele
Theo. Greentree	134 J. H. Escher
Isaac Hahn	163 Henry Groh
C. Martin	156 H. Schultz
James Dixon	95 Ed. Groh
E. A. Moulle	156 W. Hunt
D. J. McAusian	119 A. Kronmiller
G. S. Garrison	138 L. Gilford
H. Snell	161 F. A. Sauer
F. Mead	131 W. J. Righter
S. Gerber	188 W. Reichman
Total	1,877 Total

A LADIES' BOWLING MATCH.

On the termination of the match between the single and married members of the Terpsichore Club reported above, a game between their lady friends was played. Twenty-six of them participated, the club awarding a handsome prize to the lady who should roll the highest similar number of prizes. The game was limited to seven frames on each side, and many of the fair bowlers made better scores than their gentlemen friends had done in the previous match. A supper, followed by dancing, formed the subsequent entertainment of the evening. We give the scores made by the ladies in their game:

Mrs. G. Martin	74	Mrs. Wilkins	47
Mrs. I. Hahn	72	Miss Kahn	44
Mrs. Garrison	64	Mrs. Romain	43
Mrs. Eiseman	64	Mrs. Mead	41
Miss A. Schultz	62	Miss J. Hahn	38
Mrs. C. Eiseman	58	Miss Mary Hunt	35
M. L. McAusian	57	Mrs. Hunt	33
Miss Gilford	55	Miss Goetz	32
Miss Webber	52	Miss Kautzler	34
Miss Birdsall	52	Miss Maud Hunt	30
Miss Seyfang	50	Miss Angee	30
Mrs. Gerber	48	Miss B. Schultz	24
Mrs. Moulle	47	Miss A. Wilkens	15

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT DEERFOOT PARK.

On Tuesday, March 14, there was a numerous gathering of the lovers of this sport at Deerfoot Park, L. I., to witness some sweepstake pigeon-shooting. The first contest was a handicap sweep of $3 entrance, miss and go out, which had seven competitors, who were handicapped as follows: Talbot, at 24yds. rise; Bayliss, 24yds.; Robinson, 22yds.; Carrick, 22yds.; Ditmars, 22yds.; Charmon, 21yds.; Duffy, 21yds. In the first round, Talbot, Duffy, Robinson and Ditmars brought down their respective birds, the others missing and retiring from the contest. In the second round, Talbot again was the only one of the quartet that killed, and the first money, $15, was awarded to him. The contest for second money, $6, was very spirited between Talbot and Robinson, and it was not until six additional birds had been trapped that the point was decided, Talbot eventually winning by killing four to his opponent's three. Messrs. Carrick, Charmon and Bayliss retired on their first birds. A second contest, similar to the above, followed; this time with only six entries, Duffy being the absentee. They were all handicapped as before; but the birds were such rattling good ones, leaving the trap like a flash of lightning, that they all missed except Ditmars, who for the second time came off victorious, and pocketed the $13 for the winner. The shooting-off between the others for the second money was well contested. Talbot, Robinson and Bayliss missed their first birds and retired, while Charmon and Carrick killed twice, and the former then won. A third sweepstake, under similar conditions, had the same six contestants. Charmon, Carrick and Baylis each killed their first bird, Robinson and Ditmars missing and retiring. In shooting off the tie, Charmon retired on the second round, and Carrick beat Bayliss after each had shot at four birds. Carrick took first money, $13, and Baylis second money.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE COMPETITION.

A cable dispatch from London, Eng., gives the following particulars of a meeting of the National Rifle Association, held there March 14; for the purpose of considering the subject of sending a representative British team to take part in the Centennial shoot. Sir Henry Halford said the Irish club inquired if the joint team to be sent to America would be composed in equal numbers of Scottish and Irish marksmen. He had replied that the selection of the team should be made by open competition, so that, if twelve Irishmen proved the best shots, they should be sent out. Sir Henry added: "If the Scotch club could be induced to withdraw its separate team, the Irish would do the same; but there seems to be no probability of this, therefore the contest will probably not take place." If three teams went out, two of them would be virtually beaten teams. The leading shots of England, Ireland and Scotland gave the heartiest co-operation to his views. He had written to Colonel Gildersleeve asking that no team should be accredited unless under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, but he had as yet received no answer. Col. Gildersleeve had, however, told him that he had no idea that Scotland and Ireland would have accepted the challenge separately, but thought one team would be more representative of the whole kingdom. Lord Wharncliffe said: "With regard to the match for what is styled the championship of the world, I may at once state that, if a team does not go under the auspices of the Association, the Association will have nothing whatever to do with it. Some gentlemen desire to place their own honor above that of their country in this matter. The election of members of the team would be perfectly impartial. Unless the competition is made national, not sectional, the Association will listen to no proposal whatever."

On March 17 the following was cabled from London: "A dispatch to the Press Association from Dublin says a deputation from the Irish Rifle Association to-day had an interview with Major Leech, late captain of the Irish team, and requested him to organize an Irish team to enter the international match at Philadelphia. Major Leech replied that he would do all in his power. He regretted the National Association had been unable to form a British team, and presumed each country would now send its own representative.

MATCH BETWEEN TALBOT AND OUTWATER.—On Friday, March 17, a match for $100 a side was decided at Deerfoot Park, L. I., between D. B. Talbot of New York and J. H. Outwater of Rutherfurd Park, N. J. The conditions were for each man to shoot at 25 birds each, 25yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, 1¼oz. shot, one ground trap, find, trap, and handle for each other; the rules of the Long Island Shooting Club to govern in every other respect. There was a large attendance, and there was considerable betting on the issue. Dr. Talbot used a breech-loader, 12-gauge, while Outwater shot with a 10-gauge breech-loader. Mr. Philip Duffy of Brooklyn, the stakeholder, acted as referee. The Doctor missed his first two birds, and his opponent, stopping both of his in good style, caused the betting to be brisk at $50 to $40 on the Jerseyman. On their tenth birds the scores were even, each having killed six; but on the twentieth bird, Talbot was one ahead, and the odds changed to $25 to $20 on his winning. This he did by one bird only, he having killed 15 out of 25 to his antagonist's 14 out of the same number. We give the scores:

Dr. Talbot.....01101, 11110, 11011, 00112*, 10101*—15
J. H. Outwater.....11101, 00101, 01001, 11100*, 10101*—14

* Fell dead out of bounds.

Sweepstakes shooting followed, in one of which there were seven entries, at $2 each, "miss and go out," 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, and Long Island rules to govern. The contestants were Talbot, Townsend, Williams, Brown, Wood, Bergen and Bayliss. Townsend and Wood tied, and divided the money.

PIGEON-SHOOTING ON STATEN ISLAND.—A day's pigeon-shooting, under the management of Mr. Louis Palmer, was given on the grounds at New Dorp, S. I., on Wednesday, March 15, and was participated in by a large number of Teutonic and other sportsmen. There were five prizes shot for, the first being a double-barreled breech-loader, and the others cases of stuffed birds. The entrance was $5 each, to shoot ten birds each, 21yds. rise, and 80yds. boundary. Messrs. McCrimlisk, Ficken and Baier tied with eight killed birds each for the first prize, and made an amicable compromise for its possession. L. Lindeman, J. Muller, G. Maier, G. D. Hempstead and H. Miller, each killed seven; J. Bahlin, H. Fincken and J. Meyer, each scored six dead birds; C. F. Offerman, H. Miller and H. Schilling, five each; L. Lauer and M. Lauer, four each; P. Pfannhauser, three; and J. Muller, two. In shooting off for fourth and fifth prizes, J. Muller took fourth and L. Lindeman fifth prize.

NEW YORK VS. PENNSYLVANIA.—The preliminaries have been arranged for a great pigeon-shooting contest between representative pigeon-shots of New York and Pennsylvania, to take place at Reading, Berks County, in the latter State, some time in May or June yet to be agreed upon. It is anticipated that between one hundred and two hundred marksmen from the two States will be present. Mr. A. W. Billinghurst, a veteran sportsman, has assumed the management of the affair, and in his hands it is likely to be carried to a successful issue.

WM. P. PARMELEE won the first prize, a Sharp's rifle valued at $75, by scoring 364 out of a possible 500, at the shooting-contest of the Taunton (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club.

TRAP MATCH.—On Saturday, March 18, a match rifle-shoot between teams of six, representing respectively the Sophomore class of Columbia College and the Home, Citizens' and Continental Insurance Companies, took place at Creedmoor Jr. Each contestant had ten shots, and the result was the victory of the collegians, the individual and total scores being as follows: Sophs—C. Bryon, 41 out of a possible 50; F. A. Dugraw, 39; J. Fischer, 39; J. F. Brush, 38; H. R. C. Warson, 34; C. S. Allen, 34—total, 225. Insurance—G. W. Jones, 41; G. H. Hope, 40; J. W. Hitchcock, 36; H. Parker, 35; Lloyd Roberts, 35; W. R. Hobart, 30—total, 217.

IRA A. PAIN is notified of a letter addressed to him in our care.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The Prospect Park race-track is no longer in existence, it having been closed in consequence of one of the new avenues to Coney Island being cut directly through it. The Fleetwood Park track is also vainly advertising for a lessee, for past experience has shown that trotting meetings over it do not pay. The lessees last year, the Johnson Brothers, are said to have lost $10,000 by the speculation.

.....Mr. Charles Backer has changed the name of his steeplechaser Shaughraun and his flatracer Minstrel; the former being now called Senator M. (after Mr. John Morrissey) and the latter Point Blank.....The Nursery and Establishment, at Babylon, L. I., belonging to Mr. A. Belmont, is the largest breeding and training establishment for thoroughbreds in the Eastern States, comprising three stallions—Kingfisher, Fellowcraft and Count D'Orsay; twenty one broodmares, fifteen of which are imported; eight yearlings, five sucklings, and twenty horses in training. Of the latter, there are two-year-olds, nine three-year-olds, and two four-year-olds. ..... Mr. Frank Harper of Medway, Ky., has sold his four-year-old racehorse Excel, by Endorser out of Nanturah (Gong'fellow's dam), to Mr. Lewis Baekman of Philadelphia; the latter also purchased several other thoroughbreds in Kentucky.....The stakes to be run for at the two Centennial Summer meetings to be held in Philadelphia this year closed on Saturday last, March 18, and will be announced in a few days.....Mr. John G. Wood of West Milbury, Mass., one of the most successful trainers in the United States, died last week after a lingering illness. He was an extensive breeder of trotting stock, and no price would stop him when he took a fancy to a horse.....Mr. James Backman of the Orange County breeder's first sale at Stony Point was to Mr. Wood. It was the weanling colt Tom, the pride of the stud, whom Mr. Backman priced to him at, as he thought, the prohibitory figure of $5,000; but Mr. Wood instantly drew his check for the amount. This was a great price for a weanling colt, but, under the altered name of Charles Backman, he became the sire of Jay Gould's establishment, and one of the most famous stallions in Massachusetts..... The price paid by Mr. Robert Bonner for the 3-year-old mare Gyp, the dam of Crafton, to Dr. Miller of Madison County, Ky., was $2,000; she is in foal to Mambrino Patchen.....King Pynne, by Australia out of Geneurs by Lexington, has been thrown out of training and put to the stud.....One of the most formidable of the many racing stables in the country is that of Mr. T. J. Nichols, Paris, Bourbon Co. It comprises ten horses in training, among which are Vagrant, 5yrs., by Virgil out of Lazy, a most promising two-year-old; Katie Pearce, 4yrs., by Leamington out of Stumps, winner of several races last season; and Gemma C., 4yrs., by Planet out of Cordelia, the successful performer. None of them, however, have any engagements in the Eastern Stakes.....The Newmarket jockey Feakes, who rode for Mr. Sanford early in last season, and piloted Milner when he made a dead heat with Ozark for the Kenner Stakes at Saratoga, has returned from Newmarket, and is under engagement to Mr. Belmont's stable.....Mr. John Ceffee's stable, comprising Nettie Norton, Donnybrook, B. F. Carver, Charley Mull, and two unnamed two-year-olds, have gone into training at Monmouth Park, in the charge of William Strong, who had the care of them last season.

THE JEROME PARK AND SARATOGA STAKES.—The numerous stakes offered by the American Jockey Club and Saratoga Association to be run for this season closed on March 1, when $30,000, three days, commencing June 27; Abdallah Park, Cynthiana, Ky., $4,000, four days, commencing July 4; and Chester Park Association, Cincinnati, $10,000, four days, commencing July 11. This trotting circuit promises to be one of the most influential in the country. It will receive the approval and encouragement of every horseman, which has for its object the reduction of the amount of purses given at trotting meetings, and which is so great a tax, in the shape of entrance money, to owners of horses.

FOUR-IN-HAND COACHING IN NEW YORK.—During the coming Summer an attempt will be made to revive four-in-hand stage coaching in New York. On May 1, Colonel Kane will run a four-in-hand stage coach every day from the Hotel Brunswick, in Fifth avenue, to Fishkill, New York, starting at 11 o'clock A. M., and returning at 3.30 P. M. A new and admirably appointed coach has been imported expressly for the route, and Col. Kane himself will hold the reins, his entire season's experience last Summer in horsing and driving the Virginia Water coach from London to the lake of that name admirably qualifying him for the position on the box. It is also understood that a similar coach from this city to Yonkers, on the opposite side of Westchester County, will be started during the Summer.

SUFFOLK PARK COURSE, PHILADELPHIA.—This once popular and attractive trotting track, located within a pleasant driving distance from the city, has been leased by Mr. Robert Steel, a leading merchant of Philadelphia, and well known as an extensive breeder of trotting stock, and owner of the stallion Happy Medium. He proposes giving three trotting meetings there during the Summer. The first will commence May 16, and last four days, with purses amounting to between $12,000 and $15,000 for public competition. The second will be four days, beginning July 4; and the third, also lasting four days, will commence Sept. 5. The amounts for these latter meetings have not yet been decided on.

RACING IN CALIFORNIA.—The entries for the two-mile-heat race over the Bay District Course, San Francisco, to be run on Saturday, March 25, are Foster (the recent winner of the four-mile-and-repeat purse), Hock Hocking, Revenue Jr., Chance, and Golden Gate. Foster and Hocking-ook are matched for $5,000, half forfeit, to run a dash race of four miles at Sacramento on April 22. It is almost needless to say that the Pacific Jockey Club have nothing to do with either of these two races.

GRIENSTEAD was currently reported to have broken down while in training for the four-mile-heat race in California, but he is evidently going to make a season's campaign in the East, for he arrived at the Bay District Course, San Francisco, has entered him in the Centennial Stakes, Fordham Handicap, Westchester and Centennial Cups, at Jerome Park; and the Monmouth Cup, Travers and Sequence Stakes, Summer Handicap and Saratoga Cup, at Saratoga.

A TROT AGAINST TIME, from London to Brighton, Eng., for £200, came off Feb. 23, the conditions being that Mr. Bartholomew should ride a horse, holding Prizes, should go from the Elephant and Castle to the Gloucester Hotel, about 52½ miles, in six hours. The horse won easily in 5h. 30m.

THE BRISTOL STEEPLECHASE, as we learn per cable took place March 16, and was won by Little Tom, Peter Simple second, Dalmy third. Five ran.

DAVID SEARTON, the long-distance bicyclist, was announced to leave London, Eng., for this city, on Monday, March 6, for the purpose of fulfilling the 1,000 miles engagement entered into some time ago with A. P. Messenger, who resides here, and fancies himself the "champion of America."

AQUATIC.

CENTENNIAL AMATEUR TROPHIES.

At a meeting of a sub-committee of the Honorary Executive Committee, having charge of the arrangement for the Centennial regatta, which was held at the Mayor's office, Philadelphia, March 14, Mayor Stokely, Commodore James M. Ferguson, and Messrs. Philpot and Kershaw being present, the prizes to be awarded the successful oarsmen in the various competitions were decided upon. Bronze medals are to be given to all the participants in each contest, in addition to which there will be costly trophies of gold and silver. The medals will be circular in form, and the centre, in bas relief, will be the figure of an oarsman, pulling; over him a scroll, and the outer edge contains thirteen stars; the reverse is plain. Attached to the medals will be a pendant loop of quite a pretty design. The diamond badge for the winner of the single-scull race has upon it the Schuylkill Navy flags, carved and surmounted by a scroll. Below, in the centre, is the monogram of the navy in pearl, surmounted by bent sculls, entwined with laurel leaves. A pedestal has raised devices of a rudder and foot-board, and below this, in bas relief, is a rower in a single shell. The bottom of the badge is composed of crossed oars, with a lantern and a scroll depending thereon. For the pair-oared race the prize will be a magnificent punchbowl. The top is embellished with the figures of two oarsmen stripped to the waist, and each holding aloft an oar. On the sides are the heads of eagles thrust through laurel wreaths and graceful palm leaves. The base is of ebony, decorated with festoons, rosettes, laurel leaves, etc. On the reverse side of the base is a space for engraving the name

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY T. W. HANSHEW.

HE.

When the roses you have cherished
Shall be withered, sere and dead;
When my golden locks have perished,
And the silver's there instead;
When the day is fast declining,
And Time's finger marks my brow,
Dear one, on my breast reclining,
Will you love me then as now?

SHE.

When life's sun is sinking surely,
And youth's beams no longer shine,
I will love you just as purely
As when first you called me thine;
When your golden locks are whiter
Than the snowdrifts on the lea,
Then my love shall shine the brighter—
I will *ever* cling to thee.

When the shadows dark and cheerless
Creep across the sum of life,
I will meet them boldly, fearless,
As your loving, trusting wife;
And through sickness, trouble, sorrow,
Still my heart will cling to thee—
Thine from *mine* true love shall borrow—
I will ever comfort thee.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

While the shadows cross the twilight,
And the sun sinks fiery red,
Scrubbing 'neath the painted skylight
Kneels the wife but two years wed.
Someone comes. A man's step near her
Makes her turn, and fires her brain;
She shrieks aloud, in accents clearer:
"'Tis my husband, *drunk again !*"

VIOLET MILDMAY;

OR,

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER I.

So lifts the curtain from our lives, and shows,
Beneath the pall, a gleam of crimson joy,
Which, like the blossom of some fair flower,
Has sprung from darkness.

From the moment Mr. Dockett the detective discovered our hero, things took a clearer and more promising aspect. While Leicester and Stumpy were left at Fenruddie, Mr. Dockett repaired to London and set about his task with a zeal and cunning highly commendable. In the first place he appeared one morning in the city, dressed after the fashion of a simple and wealthy country squire. He made his way to the offices of one of the companies over which Howard Murpoint was director, and inquired for that gentleman. The clerk told him that Mr. Murpoint was not in the city at that early hour, and would probably not arrive until one o'clock. Mr. Dockett waited patiently, and at last the great man arrived. Mr. Dockett was shown into the great man's parlor, and announced his business.

"I am," he said, "in search of a good investment. My name is Squirel—Jeremiah Squirel. I have a sum of money left me, which I don't quite know what to do with. My lawyers tell me I must put it in the Three per Cents., but I thought that you, being a great city man, would be able to show me a better investment than that. So I made bold to come and ask you."

The captain had often been applied to for advice as to investments, and, after the first slight surprise, saw nothing suspicious in the country squire, and in his pleasant way informed him that he certainly could assist him. Then he told Mr. Dockett that he could not do better than put his money on this and that company, an d concluded by mentioning all the financial schemes in which he was embarked. Mr. Dockett listened attentively and jotted down the names of the companies in which the captain was concerned, and then, thanking him gratefully, took his leave.

From the offices he repaired to a small room in Lombard Yard, and, giving a little back-knock, was answered by another detective, very much like Mr. Dockett, but with more of the city air about him. Mr. Dockett and he shook hands, then Mr. Dockett said:

"Giles, I've got a city job on. Look here, do you know anything of that gentleman?" and he passed a slip of paper upon which Mr. Howard Murpoint's name was written.

Mr. Giles smiled.

"Everybody knows him, Mr. Dockett," he said.

"Ah, but do you know anything of him in the way I mean?"

"Well," hesitated Mr. Giles, "perhaps I may have my suspicions."

"Exactly; and perhaps I have mine. He's got too much business; too many wires a-pulling; when I see one chap with so many concerns all running on, I begin to think that it's shaky."

"Exactly," said Mr. Giles. "I don't know anything against Mr. H. M.; he's a great and powerful man; but I dare say I can find out, if you set me to it."

"That's just what I want," said Mr. Dockett. "You get at it at once; I'll take him at the West End, you watch him at the city, and directly you find anything that looks wrong let me know. You needn't spare the money; this is a job that will afford a thou. or two."

"I understand," said Mr. Giles, and almost without another word he took his departure.

From that hour there was a bloodhound upon Howard Murpoint's track, a ferret ever worming and prying and nosing into his business. There was always a thin, quiet-looking man mixing with his clerks, getting hold of his private letters, holding open his carriage-door, catching his visitors as they entered his office, and dogging him through every hour he spent in the office or the chambers.

Mr. Giles was at work, and no bloodhound could be thirstier and more eager, no ferret more restless, and no lynx more watchful. At home at the West End another bloodhound was watching him there. When the great man came home to his palatial residence that bloodhound was there, and, Cerberus and then, in the guise of a porter or a policeman, drop into his kitchen and chatter with his servants. If Mr. Howard Murpoint walked the room all night, the bloodhound learnt it from the chambermaid. Every scrap of paper which fell into his waste-paper basket found its way into the hands of Mr. Dockett, and Mr. Howard Murpoint never drove or walked, never attended one without Mr. Dockett's knowing it, and sometimes being present. Gentle, noble-hearted Violet came in for a portion of this lynx-bloodhound's consideration. Often, when he was leaning against the rail of the Row exquisitely dressed, and the Mildmay carriage passed him with its clared liveries and high-stepping horses, Mrs. Mildmay, Violet, and Howard Murpoint inside, Mr. Dockett would slightly scratch his head and mutter:

"I can't make that young lady out! What on earth made her promise to marry him? I'm sure she was in love with that unlucky young gentleman with the false beard. Perhaps she got a wrong idea of duty; and there's no doubt that as Mr. H. M. is a wonderful smooth-tongued gentleman!"

Then he'd leave the Row and return to his watch on the Murpoint mansion, and in quite another costume gather all he could from the servants and tradespeople. But what he learned was not much in itself. Howard Murpoint was no foolhardy villain. All he did was done with circumspection and care, and he baffled Mr. Dockett. That gentleman ran down with his usual suddenness to Penruddie. He went to Sanderson's cottage, and found Jamie, the lame boy, seated at the door with a book in his hand, with his large, melancholy eyes fixed upon the sea.

"Well, my lad," said Mr. Dockett, stealing upon him quietly, "how are you?"

Jamie started, flushed, and answered in his nervous way:

"I'm very well, sir. Do you want Willie?"

"No, I want the Spanish gentleman who lodges here!"

"He's on the cliffs," said Jamie.

Mr. Dockett stayed a few minutes, then repaired to the cliffs. He found Leicester walking up and down moodily, with his hands locked behind him, and his head bent upon his breast.

"Ah!" said Leicester with a sudden and feverish eagerness. "You have just come in time. I was about to take the train for London. I am tired out beyond endurance of stopping here inactive and idle. I cannot endure the suspense, and I am determined to push everything to an issue now—at once!"

"Hem!" said Mr. Dockett. "In a hurry to get to Newgate, sir, I suppose."

"I care not," said Leicester. "I have considered the matter of such a position, and I do not think it would be more terrible than that which suspense and uncertainty now produce. Newgate, if it must be so. I cannot stay here longer."

Mr. Dockett nodded.

"You don't trust me, then?"

"I do. But I cannot wait longer. It is impossible. I shall go mad! What have you been doing? What have you discovered?"

"Very little as yet," said the detective cautiously. "But you excite yourself unnecessarily. Why don't you stay indoors quietly and rest? That lad tells me you are always here, pacing up and down and fretting."

"I am," said Leicester. "I cannot tear myself away from this spot. It was here that the murder was done—just here, where I stand. From here I can see my old home and the spot where I first saw her. You cannot understand what a fascination this place has for me."

"Perhaps I can't, perhaps I can," said the detective. "And so you won't stay here?"

"No," said Leicester. "There is danger in it, if there was no other reason. That lad has sharp eyes, and some day he will recognize me."

"Hem!" said Mr. Dockett. "That's the lad who behaves so strangely. I suppose——"

Then he paused as if an idea had struck him.

"Will you come back with me?" he said. "I don't mind confessing that I have as good as failed in London myself. Whether a mate of mine finds anything or not I can't say. He's at work, and he's a sharp fellow. I'm inclined, however, seeing the state of mind you are in, to push matters on, and I've hit on an idea."

"I'll come," said Leicester, and together they returned to the cottage.

On the way Mr. Dockett said:

"Where is your friend Stewart—rather, Mr. Stumpy?"

"Down on the beach," said Leicester. "The faithful fellow thought it best to keep a watch on Job, and I don't think he lets him out of his sight night or day."

"Quite right," said Mr. Dockett. "He'd make a good detective. Ah, here's the lad. Now, I want you to sit beside me inside the cottage, and when I give the signal take off that beard and wig."

Leicester nodded wearily.

"What plan have you?"

"Never mind," said Mr. Dockett.

They entered the cottage, and sat down in the little parlor. Then Mr. Dockett called to Jamie, and asked him if he could bring a glass of water. The lad rose and hobbled in with it.

"Sit down," said Mr. Dockett. "Sit down, my lad. What are you reading?" and he took a book out of Jamie's hand. "Ah! 'The Lives of Celebrated Assassins.' That's a strange book for a young lad!" Jamie turned pale.

"Is it, sir?" he said. "I—I—like it."

"Don't much look like a murderer yourself," said Mr. Dockett. "Never saw one done, eh?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Jamie.

"Heard of one, though"—said the detective, "that murder on the cliffs, I suppose? You knew Mr. Leicester, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," faltered the lad.

"Liked him, too?" asked the detective.

"He was a good friend to me, sir," said Jamie. "A very good, kind friend."

"Ah!" said Mr. Dockett. "Do you think if he was to come to life now that you should know him again?"

"Know him!" said the lad. "Ah, in a moment."

"Of course you would," said the detective. Then he rose, and wishing Leicester "Good-day," left the room.

He paused outside, and, looking in at the window made a signal to Leicester. Leicester looked over at Jamie Sanderson and prepared him.

"Jamie," he said. "Don't be startled. Do you know me?"

The lad, at the sound of Leicester's natural voice, turned pale and trembled, but said nothing.

"Don't be frightened, Jamie," said Leicester, and very slowly he removed the wig and beard.

Jamie uttered a cry of joy, which rapidly changed to fear.

"Maester Leicester!" he cried, stretching out his thin hand in an agony of terror, "put them on again, and fly! Fly, this moment! You are in danger! All is known, all know it beside me! O fly, for Heaven's sake!"

"Jamie," said Leicester, "be calm! What is known, my lad?"

"That you did the—the—murder! Oh, I know that you didn't mean it, but they'll hang you, they'll hang you! And they'll make me witness against you! Oh, oh!" And he rung his hands. "Why didn't I throw it away? Why didn't I bury it?"

"Bury it? What?" asked Leicester, puzzled.

The lad hobbled near him and laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"Maester Leicester! I've got it. I found it on the cliff, among the bushes, and—oh! go away, sir, fly, for Heaven's sake!"

"Hush, my poor lad!" said Leicester, who was getting excited himself. "What did you find?"

The poor lad shuddered and put his lips to Leicester's ear.

"The knife! The knife you stabbed him with."

Leicester stared, and the hot blood rushed up into his face. There was a moment's pause; then, in a low, constrained voice, which trembled a little, he said:

"You found the knife, did you, Jamie? and you kept it?"

The lad nodded.

"Yes, forgive me, Maester Leicester. I tried to throw it away; I tried to bury it; but I couldn't. I thought the police would be sure to find it, and that—that—it would tell against you!"

"I see," said Leicester. "You are a good lad, Jamie, a faithful lad. And where is the knife?"

"Upstairs," whispered the lad. "Upstairs in my little room."

"Ah!" said Leicester, as the words made the strange conduct of the lad quite clear. "Go and fetch it."

Jamie walked out of the room, and as he did so Mr. Dockett crept in.

"Hist!" said Leicester, and his eyes were all on fire. "Have you heard anything?" said Mr. Dockett. "He has gone for the knife. I'll hide here," and he hid himself behind the curtain.

In a few minutes the lame boy's step could be heard upon the stairs, and he entered the room and cautiously locked the door.

"Give it to me," said Leicester hoarsely, and to please the lad he shut his eyes. Jamie slipped the knife in his hands, and instantly the detective slid from behind the curtain and grasped Leicester's hand.

"Maester Leicester!" he cried, stretching out his thin hand in an agony of terror, "put them on again, and fly! Fly, this moment! You are in danger! All is known, all know it beside me! O fly, for Heaven's sake!"

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"Give it to me," said Leicester hoarsely, and to please the lad he shut his eyes. Jamie slipped the knife in his hands, and instantly the detective slid from behind the curtain and grasped Leicester's hand.

"Violet," she said, "you do not seem much excited by—by the great event coming."

"No," said Violet with a smile and a sigh, her face gradually growing abstracted and her eyes more fixed. "Aunt, am I wrong to take things so quietly? Sometimes I think I am a wicked, shocking girl. I fear that I am cold, indifferent, ungrateful for all Captain Murpoint's kindness."

"No," said Mrs. Mildmay. "I am sure you are not that; but——"

"I know," said Violet, "I know what you would say. But I cannot help it, auntie. I feel sometimes as if I were not myself, as if Violet Mildmay were dead, and I were her shadow and wraith. Do you know what I mean? As if this were all a dream, and that I should in the end find myself dead! I am not dead, aunt, I know, and I strive to rouse myself. I do rouse sometimes, but only for a little while, like last night. The strange, numbed, unreal feeling comes over me again very soon, and this wedding seems to be that of someone else; but it is mine—mine—mine!"

She started suddenly, and looked up at her aunt with a look of horror.

"There, aunt, I am roused, and see! I am shuddering! I feel as if this were some dreadful crime I was about to commit. I hear Leicester's voice warning me! I feel his hand drawing me back! No—no! I will not be Howard Murpoint's wife!"

Mrs. Mildmay rose with alarm.

"Violet!"

"Hush, auntie!" said Violet. "It has gone! I am wicked, silly. It has gone, that dreadful horror and dread. I am dreaming again and numbed. Do not let us talk any more about it. Sit still, dear auntie, and talk of something else."

Mrs. Mildmay resumed her seat, and looked at her darling with a troubled heart.

"My dear Violet, you must struggle against such feelings, especially to-night. Howard is coming, you know, and Mr. and Mrs. Dodson. We are all to talk over your wedding-trip."

"To-night are they coming?" said Violet.

"Yes. Captain Murpoint has to take a journey to Penruddie" (Violet shuddered) "to-morrow, and may be away for all the time before the 24th. Think, my dear! You will be the wife of a great and good man. Perhaps—for they are all talking of it—you will be Lady Murpoint."

At that moment a servant knocked at the door.

"A gentleman wishes to see Miss Violet, madam."

"It is very late," said Mrs. Mildmay. "What is his name?"

"He has given no name. He wishes to see her on business, I believe, madam."

"Will you see him here, Violet?" added Mrs. Mildmay. "I do not like to send him away."

"No; why should you?" said Violet, rising and taking her former seat. "I will see him here, John."

The footman returned and ushered in an ordinary-looking gentleman in black. There was another one with him, who came forward with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Thaxton!" said Violet. "Why did you not say it was you?"

"I will," said Mr. Thaxton, "that you might think I had come on business, and would refuse to see me."

"You wrong me," said Violet.

"This," said Mr. Mildmay, "is a very greatly respected friend of mine. I have brought him to assist me in making a statement which it is necessary you should hear."

Violet bowed to Mr. Dockett—for the gentleman in black was he—and, with a vague look of expectation, sat down. Mrs. Mildmay had shaken hands with Mr. Thaxton, and invited them to be seated.

"Miss Mildmay," said Mr. Thaxton, "did I not feel sure that you are as strong of heart as you are true, I should approach the task before me with dread. As it is, I do so with reluctance."

"Stay!" said Violet, growing pale. "Answer me one question, and answer it truly. Is the business you have come about in any way connected with my marriage?"

"It is," said Mr. Thaxton, "and with something which I know weighs heavily on you, though the reality has passed long since."

Violet grew paler still.

"Mr. Thaxton," she said, "I am no weak-minded school-girl. I have suffered much, and still live, and can bear more than you think. Be plain with me, I entreat you. You have come to speak to me of that dreadful time long past, but ever present in my mind."

"I have come to speak to you of Penruddie," said Mr. Thaxton.

Violet repressed a shudder, and closed her eyes for a moment. The three watchers knew that she was putting up a prayer for strength.

"You have come to tell me that you have discovered something in connection with that terrible, cruel time. Have you found the—the——"

"We have found the man who was guilty of that crime," said Mr. Thaxton.

Violet shuddered, but sighed.

"It is dreadful," she said faintly. "And I had hoped—forgive me——"

"Speak plainly on your part," said the lawyer.

"I had hoped that you might have found some trace of him who was wrongfully, cruelly accused of that crime. The noble soul whom I loved and helped to slay."

And she clasped her hands.

"I have found more than that," said Mr. Thaxton.

Violet gazed with wild eyes.

"Tell me!" she cried. "You have found him?"

"Hush!" said Mr. Thaxton. "You promised to be strong."

Violet sank back and covered her face with her hands. Mr. Thaxton bent over to her and took her hand.

"A great part of my task is done," he said. "I come to prepare you for a great and terrible trial, perhaps of sorrow, perhaps of joy. Tell me, are you strong enough to bear it? Are you strong enough to see the guilty punished, though that guilty were one whom you held dear? Are you strong enough to witness what in your eyes, unprepared, might seem a miracle? Are you strong enough for a great and fearful, a sudden and tremendous joy?"

There was a moment's pause.

"I am!" said Violet, and once more she looked up with her deep, beautiful eyes.

"Then," said Mr. Thaxton, pulling out his watch, "your trial is near at hand. To-night and within ten minutes you expect Mr. and Mrs. Dodson and Mr. Howard Murpoint?"

Violet inclined her head.

"You may also expect Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Fairfax."

"Bertie and Ethel?" said Violet.

Mr. Thaxton nodded.

"They have returned at my wish, and suddenly," he said.

At that moment there was a loud knock at the door.

"There are some of the guests," he said, rising. "My friend and I will conceal ourselves behind that curtained recess. You trust all to me, and you promise to be strong."

"I trust all to you, and I will be strong!" said Violet.

The two men quietly drew the curtain aside and concealed themselves in the recess. Scarcely had they done so, when Howard Murpoint and the Dodsons entered. He came up to Violet and kissed her hand with his subtle courtliness, and murmured some soft greeting; then, as he shook hands with Mrs. Mildmay, he said:

"I met our dear friends, and managed that we should all come together."

Mrs. Mildmay was about to touch the bell, when, at a gesture from Violet, she paused and said:

"Shall we have a cup of tea by moonlight? See, it is rising rapidly."

"Delightful!" said the captain. "A charming idea. I can unfold our delicious plans in a congenial light. My dear Violet, I think I have sketched out a really agreeable tour. We shall run through Italy, see everything of any importance, and then come back by Ems."

At that moment, and as he rose to cross over to Violet, who sat pale and silent, nerving herself for she knew not what catastrophe, the curtain drew aside and Mr. Dockett stepped out. Howard Murpoint turned, with his teacup in his hand, and frowned. The sudden entrance had startled him. Mr. Dockett came across the room softly, and, with a slight bow to the rest, touched the captain on the shoulder.

"Captain Howard Murpoint, I arrest you upon a charge of conspiracy!"

The captain turned pale for a moment, then looked round with a rather displeased laugh.

"Is this a piece of premeditated fun?" he said. "If so, don't let me spoil it. What shall I say? Make a confession?"

"Aye, make a confession," said Mr. Dockett. "Here's a man who will help you."

And, as he said the words, Mr. Giles stepped from behind the curtain.

"Is this a piece of premeditated fun?" he said. "If so, don't let me spoil it. What shall I say? Make a confession?"

"Aye, make a confession," said Mr. Dockett. "Here's a man who will help you."

And, as he said the words, Mr. Giles stepped from behind the curtain.

"Don't move, please," said Mr. Dockett to the company in general and to the captain in particular. "There are half a dozen men downstairs, and every outlet from the house is watched. Now, Mr. Giles, what do you know of the charge?"

"I hold a warrant here," said Mr. Giles, "for the arrest of Captain Howard Murpoint on several charges, involving conspiracy and forgery. It is no use, captain; the game has been a good one, but it is up. To-morrow the bubble will burst, and all your little dodges will be known. To-morrow the city would tear you to pieces if they had you——"

"Stop!" said the consummate villain. "Something has gone wrong in the city, no doubt. There is some mistake, my good fellow. You only do your duty, no doubt. I had better come with you, I suppose? Is that all?"

"No," said Mr. Dockett, "not all—not nearly, Captain Murpoint. There is a charge of forging a codicil to the will of the late John Mildmay, whereby you have fraudulently gained the guardianship of Miss Mildmay and possession of the estate and the moneys of the same."

The captain's face twitched and worked, and he sank into a seat.

"Let us hear this farce through," he said. "I know who is at the bottom of it. Forgery, indeed! Because Lord Lackland is beggared and ruined, and I have helped him towards it he must trump up this ridiculous charge. It is preposterous! My dear Violet——"

He was about to continue, but Violet rose and shrank towards the curtain, and Mr. Dockett stepped in between her and the scoundrel.

"You cannot believe this—this idiot!" he exclaimed.

"Silence!" said Mr. Dockett. "I put a question to you, Captain Murpoint. Will you give in, and make a clear confession of all, or shall I carry the matter through? For, mark me, this young lady shall know all, whether I tell her or you do!"

"Tell her what you like!" said the captain, bouyantly. "I have nothing to confess! Now, what is the next charge?"

"The murder of James Starling, whom you are accused of stabbing and throwing over the cliff at Penruddie!"

The captain rose, white and desperate.

"You cannot prove it!" he said. "Where is your witness?"

"Here," said Mr. Dockett, and he beckoned towards the recess.

Out stepped Job, very pale, but very determined.

"I am a witness, captain," he said. "I see you in the master's room, and I see you going up the cliffs. It's all over, captain, for Jamie Sanderson found the knife—your knife—and this gentleman has got it clear and straight."

"It's a base, vile, concocted plot!" hissed the captain. "James Starling died by the hand of Leicester Dodson! I saw him do it! If he didn't do the murder, where is he? Why doesn't he come back like a man and prove his innocence? Not he! He's snug away somewhere, and he doesn't come back!"

"Leicester is here!" said a voice, and the curtain was swept away by a strong hand—Leicester's own—as he stepped into the room and caught Violet in his arms.

"Leicester!" she cried with a voice whose tones baffle all description. "Leicester! I have been asleep—dreaming. Oh, horrible dreams! Wake me; Leicester, my darling, wake me!"

There was a rush and confusion as she fainted. The door opened, and Ethel and Bertie ran in. Then there was another rush, a handcuffing, and such terrible excitement, that for the moment the cause of all the terrible crimes and trouble was forgotten. He saw the moment, and slipped something small and composed of glass from his pocket. Scarcely had he done so when Mr. Dockett and Giles had seized his arms. He struggled for a moment, then, as the group round Leicester and Violet, sobbing and crying and laughing and talking, turned to confront him, he suddenly stood still, and the old daring smile flitted across his livid face.

"You are mad, all of you!" he said. "You think, because you idiots are back and the secret is out, that you have checked for ever the plans I have laid. I know something of law. I am rich, and I will set you at defiance! You talk of robberies, of smuggling, of forgery, of murder! Bah! where is the motive for it all? Convict me of forgery upon the evidence of one man? You cannot! Convict me of murder upon such evidence as you hold? Impossible! Laugh at you! I can laugh at Captain Howard Murpoint, a respectable officer in Her Majesty's service! Why should I kill my servant, James Starling? Beware! Lay me by the heels, and I can and will give evidence sufficiently strong to hang that idiot!"

And he pointed to Leicester, from whom all sense but that of grief with the possession of his darling seemed to have passed.

"I can hang him, and I will, for I dare you to show why I should murder my servant, James Starling!"

At that moment the door opened, and a short little man in a costermonger's cap entered.

It was Stumpy. He had come out, many a fisherman had to fly. Job stayed and gave evidence on the inquest of the captain, but Leicester paid the fine which was inflicted, and Job is comfortable and happy. One by one, too, his old companions are drawing round him, and, strange to say, the coastguards don't recognize them. Stumpy has turned Queen's evidence and obtained a pardon, and is to be found the heart and soul of the "Blue Lion," which is still in the hands of Martha, who has abandoned smuggling, and finds her temper is much improving. Polly is Mrs. Willie Sanderson, and keeps her husband in very good order.

So Penruddie is very much as it was, and the Cedars and the Park are being done up. Someone is expected to occupy them, but at present the somebodies are elsewhere.

For it is now Summer, and the evening sun is turning the rippled sea to gold. A yacht comes dancing across the golden light into the sunset. It is a very beautiful little vessel, and, light-hearted, from the land come now and then such ripples of laughter that rival the ripples of the sea.

Let us hover, like Puck, upon the sail, and look down. There, on the deck, is a little party. First Mr. and Mrs. Dodson and Mrs. Mildmay and Mr. Thaxton, seated in comfortable arm-chairs conveniently near a small table upon which stand champagne and fruit. Scattered near them, on rugs and furs, are some more friends. It is from them that the laughter most heartily proceeds. Near them are Violet and Leicester, she seated and leaning against the mast, he lying full length and cutting the portrait of Mr. Thaxton out of orange peel. Near him recline Bertie and Ethel—Bertie puffing a cigar with mild enjoyment, and Ethel teasing him with the end of a rope. Swinging in a hammock up above their heads is Fitz, looking as happy as the day is long, and not at all the disappointed man. He loves Violet still, and she calls him Fits; but it is a brotherly affection between them, and Fitz is satisfied. He will never marry, he says; but he insists upon it that, if there should ever be any children around Violet's knee, they shall call him "Uncle." Near them sits Jamie Sanderson—near, but far away, for he has a book in his hand, and he is in dreamland. He will never leave Leicester while they both live. Mr. Thaxton, smoking his cigar, drops comfortably off to sleep, lulled by the heat and the soft laughter. The other elderly parties are about to follow his example, when Fitz sings out:

"Pass that champagne up, will you, ladies and gentlemen? Because I'm up here, it doesn't follow that I'm above the weakness of other mortals, George! how happy I am! You—all of you—look that way inclined; and so you ought to be. Ladies and gentlemen, if there's anyone of you unhappy on this happy vessel, you shouldn't be here—it isn't the place for you; and, by George! if you'll have the honesty to admit it, I'll pitch you overboard."

There's no answer save a peal of laughter (and a piece of orange-peel, thrown by Leicester, and slighting on Fitz's head), and, as that must mean that they are perfectly happy, there and now we will leave them.

Long may they glide through life as they glide now this Summer's eve, doing good, loving much, and trusting to the beneficence of that Heaven whence all happiness and good things flow!

THE END.

THAT EXPLAINS IT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He dug a grave both deep and wide;
He sat him down upon its side,
And viewed it with a manly pride.

And when the shades of night o'er all
Hung with the blackness of a pall,
He entered of his house the hall.

And softly up the back-stairs crept,
And strangled her the while she slept;
Nor trembled not a bit—nor wept.

He dragged the body to the grave;
Fell, rain! and O ye wild winds, rave!
No lightning struck the murderous knave!

Then in he thrust it, broad and big,
Then gave it with the spade a dig,
And over it he danced a jig!

Why did he stain his hands in gore?
Perhaps you may have guessed before—
It was, it was his mother-in-law!

J. H. B.

DUELS AND DUELISTS.

THE CODE OF HONOR IN NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A GOTHAMITE.

The code of honor, as a popular institution, became extinct among New Yorkers about thirty years ago, the few hostile meetings originating in personal quarrels among the residents of this city subsequently to that period being generally confined to foreigners, temporary sojourners, or men not at all conversant with the laws and practices of chivalry. The first blow inflicted upon dueling as a recognized custom was undoubtedly a product of the almost universal condemnation of a resort to arms in vindication of personal honor, consequent upon death of the lamented Hamilton at the hands of Aaron Burr—a melancholy event, aggravated through its particular circumstances by the sometime previously to the distinguished statesman's mortal wounding, his eldest son had been killed in an affair of honor on the identical spot where his father received his death-wound. Although Hamilton's decease occurred in 1804, and memory of the manner of his taking-off, erroneously stigmatized by his political opponents as an assassination, had been sought to be perpetuated through a fragile monument erected on the marshy flats beneath Weehawken Heights by the St. Andrews Society, neither popular clamor, clerical denunciation, nor the presumptively strong arm of the law could successfully eradicate a deep-seated prejudice among gentlemen in favor of maintenance of the appeal to a "higher law," a relic of feudal chivalry, until the generation, avowing admiration of its rectitude, have either become superannuated or entirely passed away.

The code of honor regulating practice of dueling among New Yorkers was by no means the bloodthirsty and cowardly institution usually imagined by those deriving knowledge of it through perusing the invectives showered upon duelists by clergymen and peacemongers, who exaggerated its worst features while omitting all allusion to its civilizing influences. Before the advent of these "railroad times" and the reign of legal litigation, men were educated in accordance with the precepts of chivalry, inculcating veneration for the fair sex and for individual honor. While gentlemen, habituated to the use of weapons from early youth, conceived it to be incumbent upon them to avenge insults or affronts offered themselves, or those beneath their protection, through an appeal to the code, persons of a lesser social degree invariably resorted to the bludgeon of the legal profession, he advanced in reputation and prosperity to such a degree as to be chosen Louisiana's representative in the United States, and subsequently was created an arch-traitor against that section of the country wherein he performed his maiden feat-at-arms.

Three subsequent duels created much excitement at the time of their occurrence, more on account of some of the actors being prominent public characters than from any peculiarity in the duels themselves. In fact, they can be cited rather as illustrations of the insignificant causes authorizing acceptance of cartels, than as exemplifications of the dignity of the code.

August Belmont the banker, then a distinguished "man-about-town," being publicly insulted at a theatre by Jerome Bonaparte, son of the Governor of South Carolina, while upon a temporary visit to this city, was compelled to meet the chivalrous Southerner at a point near Mason and Dixon's line in "Battle array." The duel caused Belmont to be lame for life, for the remainder of the life he involuntarily jeopardized.

With Americans, after the termination of the Revolutionary War, dueling ceased to be an idle formality, and was invested with a gravity unknown to European bobadils, reckoning their so-called mortal combats as among fashionable diversions; consequently, to check the practice by legal enactment, place or weapon, we on this side of the Atlantic collated the code of honor, whose instructions have been oftentimes violated, it is true, but never by gentlemen. The most authoritative edition of this peculiarly American collection of chivalric canons was the one issued by John Lyde Wilson, for years Governor of South Carolina, which, although it admits employment of other weapons in emergent cases, accepts the pistol as the sole implement of destruction to be used by a gentleman on a field of honor, as every person of position was presumed to be familiar with its use, and therefore on an equality with his antagonist. The code in nowise admitted correctness of vulgar error as to the challenged party being entitled to choice of weapons; on the contrary, it expressly enjoins upon seconds the duty of rejecting any weapon with which either combatant may be unduly familiar. According to the true spirit of the code, muscular power, frame suggested by arms, sabres and bowie-knives are clearly interdicted weapons for dueling purposes; and even the pistol, legitimately employed, must be of peculiar construction, of a certain bore, carrying a ball of a fixed weight, with a given amount of ammunition. Moreover, the preliminaries to a hostile meeting were so judiciously framed, and the causes of affront so ingeniously circumscribed by the code, that, were its provisions to be literally observed, the shedding of blood, much less loss of life, would become rather the result of accident than of premeditation.

Next to the famous duel between Hamilton and Burr, our gossips of a half century ago were wont to grow garrulous over another remarkable fight, tradition of which merely descends to us through memory of credited contemporaries. The parties to this encounter are said to have been an officer of rank in the British army and an American, brother to the manager of the Park Theatre.

At that period in time, long before the Sirius or the Great Western disturbed the waters of our bay with steamship paddles, officers of the royal service availed themselves of the superior accommodations afforded travelers by American packet-ships from Liverpool to this port, or the Halifax English mail-vessels, singular to remark, touched first at Halifax, and then proceeded to their destination at Annapolis, Md., the seaport nearest the official residence of the British Minister at Washington. To avoid this protracted voyage in a national vessel, military and civil dignitaries bound for Canada passed through this city, crossing the sea in our famous "bright-sided" packets, and, before final departure, tarried awhile to view the lions of the town at the then famous American Hotel, at the corner of Barclay street and Broadway, the preferred resort of English military visitors, mainly on account of its being under the supervision of a Capt. Milford, once a subaltern in the British service.

To while away hours of leisure, an English colonel and some companions, in transit to join their regiment in Montreal, visited the Park Theatre, and shortly became engrossed in the performance. Unfortunately, their places were adjacent to a private box, and the plunderer of widows and orphans. For months curses followed him to that bourne whence none return, and Mr. Dockett has often been heard to regret that he did not stop the villain's hand when it carried the phial to his lips.

"I knew what he was going to do," Mr. Dockett would say, with a sigh; "and I thought I'd let him, because, you see, it was much quieter than having him hung! But I didn't know it was the General until Stumpy ran in and ripped up his sleeve. When I saw the 108 stamped on his arm, it quite gave me a turn. For there was a reward of five hundred pounds, to say nothing of the honor of catching an 'escaped,' who was thought to be at the bottom of the sea. However, I'm very well satisfied, for Mr. Leicester's a perfect gentleman; and as for the young lady, I say is may Heaven bless her and make her happy."

Mr. Dockett is often asked how much he pocketed by the affair, but he always declines to state. He says he does not wish to make the rest of his professional brethren dissatisfied and envious.

The Winter brought trouble down to Penruddie, for the smuggling secret came out, and many a fisherman had to fly. Job stayed and gave evidence on the inquest of the captain, but Leicester paid the fine which was inflicted, and Job is comfortable and happy. One by one, too, his old companions are drawing round him, and, strange to say, the coastguards don't recognize them. Stumpy has turned Queen's evidence and obtained a pardon, and is to be found the heart and soul of the "Blue Lion," which is still in the hands of Martha, who has abandoned smuggling, and finds her temper is much improving. Polly is Mrs. Willie Sanderson, and keeps her husband in very good order.

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He sat him down upon its side,
And viewed it with a manly pride.

And when the shades of night o'er all
Hung with the blackness of a pall,
He entered of his house the h

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

BONES IN THE TOMBSTONE BUSINESS.

BONES.—Say, Sam, yer didn't know that I used ter be in de tombstone line, did yer?

TAMBO.—No, but I specks yer'll be *lyin'* under one, some time or nudder.

BONES.—Yaas; I used ter chisel marble.

TAMBO.—Yes, and chisel yer customers, I reckon.

BONES.—I was goin' froo de country one day solicitin' orders when I chanced ter call on Aunt Sally Mason.

TAMBO.—Caught a tarter dare.

BONES.—Yes, indeedy; a perfuct *cream of tarter*. I knocked at de do', and she come and opened it. "I understand dat you's lost your husband?" sez I. I'd heard it semi-orcasernally at de last town. "Yes," sez she; "I wish I was only six hours older. I'd come up wid him." She was mighty spiteful, and I felt bad for her. "Don't take on, aunty," said I consolingly; "you must try and bear wid it; but if you'd like a nice white marble, I kin put it up cheap." "What do I want wid a white marble?" said she. "Why, to commemmarate de memory ub de blessed deceased." "Blessed deceased!" said she, "what do yer mean?" "Why, I t'ought yerd lost yer husband," said I; "so I called to serlicit an order for a tombstone." "Tombstone! Git out, you imperdent scamp. My husband aint dead," she yelled; "I wish ter mercy he was. He's run away wid dat bleareyed Sal Nicholson!" And you bet I had to be lively to dodge a pail of soap-suds dat Aunt Sally had ready for washin' de winders wid.

INTERLOCUTOR.—What are you doing now, Sam?

BONES.—Chewing rags for a paper-mill.

TAMBO.—Go 'long. I've got a place ter sell goods in a drygoods store.

INT.—Let's good sit?

TAMBO.—Fust-rate. I do nuffin but sit all de day. He's a bully good boss.

INT.—Well, if he is a good employer, you can't do too much for him.

TAMBO.—I don't mean to—I knows too much for dat. I takes things easy dese times.

BONES.—Thought so when I saw you taking dat five-finger drink de oder day.

TAMBO.—Let's skip dat. Kin you tell me why my pocket is like a thunder-cloud?

BONES.—Why?

TAMBO.—Bekase it's constantly *light'nin'*.

BONES.—Did yer hear bout dat last patent suspender for de *Ten Cennial*?

TAMBO.—What's de matter wid it?

BONES.—Why a down-Easter has just invented a patent back-action suspender, which contracts when you comes to a puddle of water, and h'ists yer right over high and dry.

INT.—There, that's enough for once. Signor Timberlinus will favor with

Who First shall Greet the Rising Moon?

TO J. W. FRESTH OF BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

I read your pleading glances, dear.
While close to mine your pale hand clings,
And dreamily I wait to hear
The flutter of an angel's wings;
Down yonder lane a robin calls
In answer to the wind's sweet tune,
Where, like a blessing, softly falls
The glory of the rising moon.
Chorus.—No more of pain nor loss to meet
From fields that wear the smile of June;
With happy eyes you first shall greet
The glory of the rising moon.

Though dies your sweet voice with the night,
I never can oh! pass forget;
Your mem'ry, like a jewel bright,
Will deeply in my heart be set:
And oft a whispered word may cheer
The dreams that come with fragrant June,
But not again together here
We two shall watch the rising moon.
Chorus.—No more of pain, etc.

When clinging hands have lost their hold,
When silent lips a smile refuse,
I'll know that yonder home doth fold
A heart as pure as Summer dews;
And still shall burn with steady rays
The love I gave—a precious boon—
While wand'ring in the dear old ways
We joyful watched the rising moon.
Chorus.—No more of pain, etc.

Bridgeport, Ct., 1876. ANNIE M. CURTIS.

THE LATE STEPHEN ROGERS' First Appearance on the Stage.

G. A. Tinney of Elmira, N. Y., sends us a programme of the above event. The name of Ely Hall, Elmira, N. Y., was changed to Stancliff in 1872, and in 1876 to Academy of Music. Master John O'Brien, then Master Rogers' partner, retired from the profession long ago, and is living in Elmira. J. G. Shorey is still living. T. D. Frost is the stage manager of Sam Hague's Minstrels, performing in England. Signor A. Couse died in Columbus, Ind., June 10, 1869.

ELY HALL.
POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT.
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 1865.
GEO. E. TILLOTSON'S OCTOPLEXZARA TROUPE.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.
J. G. SHOREY, C. L. DUNHAM
SIGNOR COUSE, ED. LIBERTY,
T. D. FENNER, J. T. JUSTIN, and
the entire company
in new Acts, Songs, Dances and Burlesques.
THE ELFIN CLOG DANCERS,
MASTERS STEVEY ROGERS AND JOHN O'BRIEN
OF ELMIRA,
will appear and dance a double clog.
READ THE PROGRAMME.
INTRODUCTORY.

Overture	Octoplexarani
Opening Chorus (arranged by Ed. Liberty)	Company
Wife's Letter to My Mother	J. D. Fenner
Sally Carter	J. G. Shorey
By the Riverside	A. Couse
Lannigan's Ball	C. L. Dunham
Finale—Excursion to Dover	Company

OLIO.

Ballad (selected)	T. D. Fenner
Clog Dance	Master Tommy
African Peculiarities	C. L. Dunham

AN HOUR IN THE HOME OF THE CZAR,
Signor Couse.
CHAMPION DOUBLE-CLOG DANCE,
By the Elfin Terpsichoreans Master Stevey Rogers and
John O'Brien.
MANAGER IN DISTRESS,
Shorey and Dunham.
The Musical Giraffe..... J. T. Justin
Essence of Old Virginny..... Ed. Liberty
THE TROUBLESOME PATRON.
Dunham, Feaner, and Tommy.
Impalement Act..... Sig. Couse and Pupil
THE DARKY'S LOVE, OR MY GAL,
Fenner and Dunham.
THE EMIGRANT FROM THE FADERLAND,
A. Couse.
Banjo Solo..... Master Tommy
The entertainment to conclude with the side-splitting farce,
THE UNWELCOME VISITOR, OR ONE LOVER TOO MANY.

That Visitor.....J. G. Shorey|The Loved One..Ed. Liberty
The Vexation of the Governed Monster.....D. Fenner
Admission, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cents. Doors open at 7½ o'clock; commences at 8¼.

"ABSENT MINDED."

I'm an absent-minded girl,
Have been so from my birth,
And have done naught but silly things
Since I've been on this earth.
When but a little girl of ten,
If mother sent me out
To bring the shad for baby's pap,
I'd bring home *sauer-kraut*.

Spoken.—Yes, and every time I brought home sauerkraut my mother called me cabbage-head. Every bit of cabbage brought into the house was good for a *corn-up*. Aye, "slips takes over," and please forgive me, for

I'm an absent-minded girl,
Have been so from my birth,
And have done naught but silly things
Since I've been on this earth.

The many silly things I do
Are hard to understand;
I've often hunted for a glove
When it was on my hand.
One evening, in a Broadway stage,
I met with a mishap—
I pull'd my left-hand neighbor's nose
Instead of driver's strap.

Spoken.—And the old party didn't seem to like it at all. But I begged pardon, and was forgiven—at least, I heard words to that effect. Ten minutes before, a lady had passed in her face, and instead of shoving it into the muff, I quietly put it in my pocket. She didn't think it fair that I should pocket her face, and seemed preparing to "bounce me," when I said: "Madame, please excuse me, for

I'm an absent minded girl, etc.

If I am single still to-day
'Tis with me lies the blame,
For many offers have I had
To change my maiden name;
Many suitors sought my hand,
And to some, I do confess,
Through absent mind did answer "No,"
When really I meant "Yes."

Spoken.—Very many times, indeed, have I said yes for no, and no for yes. My misfortune is not yet over, as you die an old'maid, unless one of you nice young fellows takes me quick. Now, don't all speak at once. Thanks; we'll meet again. My sister Caroline was married last month to Cousin William. Bridesmaid—Maid on the occasion. When the company broke up, what do you think? Why, I went off with Cousin William; but Caroline found out my mistake in time, and forgave me, for she knows that

I'm an absent-minded girl, etc.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS, NEW YORK, IN 1853.

At this time the above-named troupe was located at No. 444 Broadway, which was recently the scene of a disastrous conflagration. Henry Wood, the manager, is living in this city in retirement. Eph Horn, now well advanced in years, was performing in the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., during the past week. T. F. Briggs died in California some years ago. W. W. Newcomb was last week stage-manager of the Twenty-third-street Opera-house in this city. M. Campbell is living in retirement in this city. J. A. Herman is living in retirement on Long Island. W. Whitehill, one banjoist, is dead. Jerry Bryant died in this city April 5, 1861. A. M. Hernandez died in Montevideo, Uruguay, Oct. 25, 1874. Bill contributed by Robert McGrew of Cincinnati, O.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
444 Broadway, New York.
SUPERIOR TO ANY BAND IN EXISTENCE.
H. WOOD.....Manager and Proprietor
The company consists of the following performers, the best in their different roles in the world:
E. HORN, the celebrated Ethiopian comedian.
T. F. BRIGGS, the best banjo-player living.
W. W. NEWCOMB, the great burlesque lecturer and tambourinist.
M. CAMPBELL, the splendid tenor singer.
J. A. HERMAN, the beautiful ballad singer.
L. MEYER, the master violinist.
J. SMITH, talented violinist.
J. EASTMEAD, the renowned alto singer.
H. WINCHELL, the astounding basso.
H. M. WILLIAMS, the Vagliosi of fancy-dancers.
A. HERNANDEZ, guitarist and gymnast.
All to be seen every evening.
DOUBLE PROGRAMME.
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 11, 1853.
PART I.
Representing the Dandy Negroes of the North.

Overture, Introductory, The Welcome, composed for	
Wood's Minstrels	Full Band
Grand Operatic Chorus	Company
Yes, 'tis true that thy Katy now is Sleeping, com-	
posed to Katy Darling	M. Campbell
Juliana, Phœbiana, Constantina Brown	W. W. Newcomb
Mary Blane	J. A. Herman
Katy Dean	Jerry Bryant
Annie Lowe, new	M. Campbell
Nancy Till	W. W. Newcomb
Lilly Dale	J. A. Herman
Quickstep Post Horn	Full Band

PART II.

Medley Dance	H. M. Williams
Mrs. S. Oak Wood Smith	W. W. Newcomb
Will here deliver a Short Lecture on Woman's Rights.	
Banjo Solo, Airs and Varia, original	T. F. Briggs
Guitar Solo	A. Hernandez
Essence of Old Virginny	W. W. Newcomb
Pas Styrien	H. M. Williams
Dust, Banjo and Bones	Briggs and Bryant
Pastorale Ballad	J. A. Herman
Banjo Trio	Briggs, Newcomb and Bryant
La Ingleata	Williams and Hernandez

PART III.
Portraying the peculiarities of the Darkies of the South.

Song and Chorus	Bryant and Company
After which the celebrated	

AFRICAN BROTHERS,
Messrs. Newcomb, Bryant and Hernandez, will appear and go through their astonishing performances.
To conclude with the
ARKANSAS WALK-AROUND
By Newcomb, Bryant and Williams.
TIME ALTERED.—Doors open at 7, and performance commences at 8 o'clock precisely.
The music of the songs of Wood's Minstrels for sale at the Ticket Office, Minstrel Hall.
ADMISSION—25 cents. Children under 12 years of age, half price.

HE WOULD NOT SAY "GOOD-NIGHT."

To MISS BELLE LA VERDE, SERIO-COMIC VOCALIST.
BY SAMUEL F. MITCHELL.

He would not say good-night to me,
Or give a parting smile.
But left me standing at the gate,
Where we had talk'd the while;
I ask'd if I might rest my head
Upon his bosom fair,
I begged of him to gently smooth
My locks of golden hair.
Chorus.—He would not say good-night to me,
Although I loved him all the while;
He would not say good-night to me,
Or give me just one parting smile.

The dove that had its nest above
The arbor near the gate
Had said "Good-night" an hour before
Unto its loving mate;
But *he* was cold and obstinate,
His heart was out of place;
He would not hold me to his breast
Or look me in the face.
Chorus.—He would not say good-night, etc.

I ask'd him for one loving kiss,
If it might be the last;
For fond remembrance it must bring
Of happiness we'd pass'd;
But no; he turned his back on me,
And quickly left my sight,
Without a parting kiss or smile,
Without a sweet good-night.
Chorus.—He would not say good-night, etc.

Providence, R. I.

THE FIRST PRODUCTION Of "Richard II" in New York.

We have, from time to time, published copies of bills of various productions of the above-named tragedy, and we are now enabled to present our readers with a copy of a programme of its first representation in this city, at the Park Theatre, Feb. 27, 1819, it having been acted for the first time in America at the Philadelphia (Pa.) Theatre Jan. 22, 1819. Of those who appeared in the cast, James W. Wallack died in this city Dec. 25, 1864—he made his first appearance in America at this theatre Sept. 7, 1818, and it was during his third star engagement that season that "Richard II" was produced; James Pritchard died here Jan. 31, 1823; Hopkins Robertson died in New York Nov. 10, 1819—he was attached to the theatre in Richmond, Va., at the time it was burned, Dec. 26, 1811, and by his presence of mind saved many persons who, but for him, would have perished in the flames; Edmund Simpson died here July 31, 1848; Harry George Moreland died in this city June 13, 1832; Thomas Kilner died in Wilmington, Ind., Jan. 2, 1862; John Graham is dead, but we have no record of the date; Mr. Bunker married a sister of Mrs. Edmund Simpson, and left this theatre in 1827, since which time we have no record of him; Mr. Garner died in Baltimore, Md., in 1843; James Howard died in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1848; John Johnson died in this city Oct. 25, 1819; Mr. Oliff was the prompter of the theatre, and we have no record of his death; Joseph Baldwin died here in May, 1820, and his tombstone may now be seen in the southwest corner of Trinity churchyard; Mr. Spiller was a favorite at the Park and Chatham-garden Theatre until his death, in 1827; Gilbert Nexen, although he labored hard, never rose above the lowest grade of mediocrity, and retired from the stage at the close of the season in 1830. For a long time afterwards he was reader to the Common Council of New York. He died here Oct. 17, 1855. Mrs. John Barnes, after her husband's death, took a formal farewell of the stage Nov. 2, 1841. She afterwards visited England with her daughter, Miss Charlotte Barnes (subsequently Mrs. Edmon S. Conner), and once or twice emerged from her retirement, acting for her daughter's benefit. She was at length attacked with paralysis and after the death of her daughter, April 14, 1863, she sank into a long and protracted illness, and died in New York Aug. 26, 1864, in the 84th year of her age. She was buried from her residence, in Vandam street, which she had occupied for more than thirty-five years. Mrs. Sarah Wheatley was last seen at the Bowery Theatre Sept. 22, 1831. Mrs. Holman married Isaac Starr Clason in March, 1819, and in 1824 married C. W. Sandford, a distinguished lawyer of this city. She died here Sept. 1, 1859. Mr. Parker was the ballet-master of the Park, and died here Dec. 23, 1858. We have no record of the death of Mr. Goll, who first appeared at this theatre Sept. 4, 1818. Mrs. Parker is said to have been one of the best Columbines known to our stage for years. We have no record of the date of her death, nor that of Miss Mary Anne Brundage. John Barnes died in Nova Scotia, while on a professional tour, Aug. 28, 1841. Miss Leesugg in 1819 married the late James H. Hackett. She died in Jamaica, L. I., Dec. 4, 1845.

THEATRE.
LAST NIGHT OF MR. WALLACK'S ENGAGEMENT.
ON SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 27, 1819,
will be presented (for the first time in New York) Shakespeare's historical play of

RICHARD II.

King Richard	Mr. Wallack
John of Gaunt	Mr. Pritchard
Duke of York	Mr. Robertson
Bolingbroke	Mr. Simpson
Duke of Norfolk	Mr. Moreland
Earl of Northumberland	Mr. Kilner
Earl of Aumerle	Mr. Graham
Harry Percy	Mr. Banker
Earl of Salisbury	Mr. Wheatley
	Mr. Garner
Lord Ross	Mr. Howard

In the fourth act Mrs. Holman will sing
"ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR."
To which will be added the favorite ballet of
DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Donald	Mr. Parker
Sandy	Mr. Goll
Old McGilpin	Mr. Baldwin

The evening's entertainment to conclude with the burletta of

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Artaxomenes	Mr. Barnes
Fusbos	Mr. Baldwin
1st Courtier	Mr. Bancker

On MONDAY will be performed the petite comedy of
THE THREE AND THE DEUCE.

Percival Single	Mr. Wallack
Pertinax Single	Mr. Wallack
Bishop of Carlisle	Mr. Johnson
Lord Berkeley	Mr. Oliff
Sir Stephen Scroop	Mr. Hopper
Green	Mr. Baldwin
1st Gardener	Mr. Steele
Keeper	Mr. Nexen
Queen	Mrs. Barnes
Blanche	Mrs. Wheatley
Matilda	Mrs. Holman

THE SECRET, OR A HOLE IN THE WALL.

Thomas.....Mr. Holland|Mr. Durfies.....Mr. Fenno
Mrs. Durfies.....Mrs. Watts|Angelica.....Miss Roberts
NO POSTPONEMENT at this establishment ON ACCOUNT OF WEATHER, as the GRAND ENTRANCE from Broadway to the Saloon is protected, and the New Saloon, which is ventilated from the top and sides, can be inclosed at a moment's notice.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO.

How the Yacht America Won the All-Nations' Race.

The Centennial year is a peculiarly fit one to recall the triumph of the yacht America over the British squadron; and to that end we reproduce an engraving of the race and the London correspondence of the old *Spirit of the Times*, THE CLIPPER not having been in existence in 1851, and the old *Spirit* itself ceasing to exist nine years later. The America arrived off Cowes on Aug. 2, and the race here recounted was for the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup. She subsequently entered for the Queen's Cup, but, a six-knot breeze being lacking, she did not compete for it.

LONDON, Aug. 29, 1851.—England threw down a challenge to all nations to join her in a contest with her splendid yachts at the Isle of Wight. Brother Jonathan accepted the challenge, and sent across the Atlantic a third-rate craft (for it is stated here by Americans that the Maria, which beat the America, was herself beaten). The beautiful yacht America quietly dropped her anchor in Cowes Roads several weeks since, and occasionally she played about the waters of the Solent. Her movements began to wake up John Bull, who had been comfortably seated in his arm-chair, waiting for the grand regatta of August 22, 1851. The rapid flight of the America over the water during a few trial-trips excited the deepest interest, till at length it was openly stated in nautical circles that, if "the Yankee craft" should have her "six-knot breeze," she would prove a hard customer. Commodore Stevens, in behalf of the New York Yacht Club, had offered to make a match for any sum under ten thousand pounds to sail against any English yacht. This was a bold and princely challenge, as it was given by a stranger, in strange waters, and in the presence of all the yachts of Great Britain, numbering. It is said, about eight hundred. Suffice it to state, this challenge was not accepted till many days after it was given, and then the paltry sum of one hundred pounds was named as the stakes by Robert Stephenson, the well-known engineer and owner of the Titania, a schooner-yacht of 100 tons. The Royal Yacht Club offered to add an equal amount. This match was to have taken place yesterday.

Friday last, August 22, was an important day at the Isle of Wight. All the windows of the houses, hotels and shops at Cowes and Ryde, and the beach, were crowded with spectators. The multitude came from all quarters. At 10 o'clock A. M. the signal-gun for sailing was fired, and before the smoke had well cleared away the whole of the beautiful fleet was under weigh, moving steadily to the east with the tide and a gentle breeze. The start," says *The Times*, "was effected splendidly, and the sparkling sea was alive with fleet of racehorses; *the only laggard was the America*. Steamers, shore-boats and yachts of all sizes buzzed along on each side of the course, and spread away for miles over the rippling sea—a sight such as the Adriatic never beheld in all the pride of Venice; such, indeed, as no other country in the world could exhibit, and such as probably will never while it was never seen even in the annals of yachting." Following are the names of the yachts entered, their tonnage, and owners' names: Schooners—Brilliant, 392 tons, Mr. Ashton; Alarm, 392 tons, G. H. Ackers; Constance, 218, Marquis of Conyngham; Wyvern, 205, Duke of Marlborough; America, 170, J. C. Stevens; Beatrice, 392, Sir W. P. Carey; Gipsy Queen 160, Sir H. B. Houghton; Fernande, 197, Major Hartyn; Titania, 100, R. Stephenson; Ione, 75, A. Hill. Cutters—Alarum, 193, J. Weld; Arrow, 84, T. Chamberlayne; Mona, 83, Lord A. Paget; Bacchante, 80, B. H. Jones; Stella, 65, R. Frankland; Freak, 60, W. Curling; Eclipse, 50, H. S. Fearon; Volante, 48, J. L. Cragie; Aurora, 47, T. Le Marchant. The Titania, Stella, and Fernande did not start. The Gipsy Queen took the lead, followed by the Beatrice, with the Volante, Arrow, Constance and others behind. The America went easily for some time under mainsail, with a small gaff topsail, foresail, fore staysail and jib, while her opponents had out every rag that the club regulations allow. The America crept along and passed several cutters to windward, and in fifteen minutes she had left them all behind except the Constance, Volante, Beatrice and Gipsy Queen. As the Volante passed the America, great was the delight of the patriotic but the nautical cognoscenti shook their heads and said the triumph would be short-lived, that the breeze was freshening, and then the sprightly cutter must give way, though she was leading at the present time. At 10.30 the Gipsy Queen caught a draught of wind and ran past the Volante, the Constance, America, Arrow and Alarm being close together. The America again freshened for a short time, and the America passed the Arrow, Constance and the Alarm, but could not shake off the Volante nor come up to the Gipsy Queen. The Sandheads were rounded by the Volante, Gipsy Queen and America without any perceptible difference in point of time, at 11 o'clock, the last being apparently to leeward. Again the wind freshened, and the yachts came rushing up before it, the run from the Sandheads being most exciting and well-contested. The yachts were timed off Nomans Land buoy, and the character of the race at this point may be guessed from the result: Volante, 11.07:00; Freak, 11.08:20; Aurora, 11.08:30; Gipsy Queen, 11.08:45; America, 11.09:00; Beatrice, 11.09:15; Alarm, 11.09:20; Arrow, 11.10:00; Bacchante, 11.10:25. The others were staggering about in the rear, and the Wyvern soon afterwards hauled her wind and went back toward Cowes. The wind now blew more steadily, and the America began to show a touch of her quality. When over the breeze took the line of her hull, all her sails set as tight as a drum-head, and, without any careening or staggering, she walked along past cutter and schooner, and when off Brodinag had left every vessel of the squadron behind save the Volante, which she overtook at 11.30, when she very quietly hauled down her jib, as much as to say she would give her rival every odds, and laid herself out for the race around the back of the island. The weather showed symptoms of improvement; a few sea-horses waved their crests over the water, the highlands put on their fleecy nightcaps of cloud, and the horizon looked delightfully threatening. "The Yankee" now fairly flew, leaping over—not against the water—and adding to her lead every instant. The wind was the much-desired six-knot breeze, and the America's we get gaff-topsail was hauled down; and so fast did she go away under mainsail, foresail and fore staysail that it required the utmost the steamer could do to keep alongside. This was her quickest bit of sailing, for on rounding the east point of the island it was necessary to beat to the westward in order to get along the back of the Wight. At 11.37 the Arrow, Bacchante, Constance and Gipsy Queen stood about to the north, to round the Nab, imagining, most probably, that it was requisite to do so, as the usual course is to go outside the lightship, though the yacht being at least two miles to leeward or astern of her. At 11.58 she stood out again to the southeast, and, having taken a stretch of a mile or two, she about and ran in towards Sandown. The breeze died off at this point, and, to keep the cutters and light craft off, the America hoisted her gaff topsail and jib-boom sail. Under Shanklin Chine the set of the tide ran heavily against her; but still there was nothing to fear, for her rivals were miles away, some almost hull down.

Whilst the America was running under Dunnase her jib-boom broke short off, an accident which gave her opponents an advantage of from fifteen to twenty minutes, but the Yankee Freak and cutters were miles ahead. The wind fell off for more than an hour, and it was slow work stretching along the coast, and against the tide; but just after 4 o'clock the breeze freshened from W. S. W. half W., and the America slipped along, making tacks with great velocity, and stood well up to windward. Her superiority was so decided that several of the yachts wore, and returned to Cowes in despair; and for about a half hour the New York boat increased her lead every second, flew past St. Lawrence towards Old Castle at 5.30, while the Bacchante, Arrow and Eclipse, which had been working along steadily and honestly, were about two and a half miles to leeward of and behind her. Farther away still were visible five or six others, some hull down, more dipped still farther, digging into the tideway ashore as they could, and lying into the wind as well as their sails might stand it. The America had by this time got the wind on her quarter, having gone around Rocken-end, and thus having a tolerably fair course from the south to N. W. up to the Needles, the wind being light and the water somewhat broken. At 6.40 the America, the nearest yacht, was about eight miles astern, and the remainder of the squadron were not to be seen! At 6.30, on turning towards the Needles, not a sail was in sight! The wind had left, and the America took a long time in going from Hurst Castle to the winning flag, which she reached at 8.35. The Aurora arrived at 8.55, the Bacchante at 9.30, and the Brilliant not until 1.30 A. M. Saturday, Aug. 23. The announcement at Cowes that the America had won the prize was received with tremendous shouts and cheers. It was by some feared that she had not followed the proper course, as, in passing the Nab Light, she had gone inside instead of rounding outside, and on the 23d the owner of the Brilliant sent a protest to the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Club against the cup being given to the America. The instructions to Commodore Stevens said nothing about the Nab Light, and a committee of the club unanimously decided that his vessel had fairly won the prize; for, even if she had gone around the Nab, she would still have been ahead of the whole squadron, as the difference in distance was only about two miles. This terminated one of the most exciting regattas ever known. Orders for a number of yachts, after the model of the America, have already been given to eminent builders by noblemen and gentlemen.

On Aug. 28 following the America defeated the Titania, in a match for £100 a side, from the Nab S. S. E. twenty miles and back, and not long afterwards was sold to the Hon. Captain de Blaquiere, a captain in the Indian army, for £5,000. At all early period of the late civil war she was captured while endeavoring to run the blockade at one of the Southern ports, and, becoming the property of the Government, she was added to the Navy. *The Navy Register* for the year ending Sept. 1, 1862, booked her in the South Atlantic Squadron, and the following Summer she was at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy-yard, as tender to the school-ship Marion. *The Register* for 1867 located her at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, where, we believe, she remained the greater part of the time until she was entered for the second race for the trophy won by her in 1851, which race took place over the course of the N. Y. Yacht Club Aug. 8, 1870, being the result of a challenge from James Ashbury, commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, who entered the Cambria. The race was won by the Magic, defeating a fleet of sixteen, of which the old America (sailed by Charles Brown, the son of the man who sailed her in his English trip) came in fourth in reaching the goal, and the Cambria tenth. The Government offered her for sale in June, 1873, and she was purchased by Gen. B. F. Butler, who caused her to be considerably altered, and entered her in the Isles of Shoals regatta, commencing July 4, 1876. The contest between the first-class vessels ended unsatisfactorily, owing to the drifting of the second turning-buoy far out of its proper position, the judges awarding the prize to the Rambler, she being the only vessel which succeeded in finding and rounding the missing boat. The America rube-quently—July 31 and Aug. 2—defeated Rufus Hatch's yacht Resolute in two races at the same place, the distance in each being about thirty-nine miles.

PARTRIDGE MASTICATING.—M. E. Thornton, who a correspondent describes as a young man who does not make pretensions to any special ability in the use of his incisors and molars, but possesses great determination and perseverance, has wagered one hundred dollars with another resident of Atlanta, Ga., that he can devour thirty partridges in as many consecutive days, one only each day. He is allowed to have them cooked in any manner, with whatever condiments he may desire, and is allowed to eat them at any hour he chooses. It has, however, been agreed that he is to eat them as near 1 o'clock P. M. as convenient. He set to work on Feb. 28, and at last accounts had stowed away sixteen birds.

AT THE LAST meeting of the Royal Society of England, Mr. Siemens exhibited his new instrument for ascertaining the depth of the sea without using a sounding-line. He calls it a bathometer. It consists essentially of a vertical column of mercury contained in a steel tube, having cup-like extensions at both extremities, so as to increase the terminal area of the mercury. The lower cup is closed by means of a corrugated diaphragm of thin steel plate, and the weight of the column of mercury is balanced in the centre of the diaphragm by the elastic force derived from two carefully tempered springs. The instrument is suspended a short distance above its centre of gravity on a universal joint, to cause it always to retain its vertical position at sea. It has been tested in voyages across the Atlantic in the Faraday, and found very accurate.

ABOUT 20,000,000 tons of coal are mined yearly in Pennsylvania. In the mines, unwrought, it is worth fifty cents a ton, or $10,000,000; mined and brought to the surface, it is worth $1.50 a ton, or $30,000,000; ground, broken, and placed on the cars, it is worth $2.50 a ton, or $50,000,000; delivered at the boundaries of the State or on shipboard, it is worth on an average $5.50, or $110,000,000, which is the sum annually paid to Pennsylvania for coal.

A STATISTICAL genius estimates the cost of fences in the United States at $2,360,000,000, and their annual repair, depreciation, and interest on first cost at $400,000,000.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

ARTISTS' MODELS IN PARIS.

Does any lover of art, in an ecstasy before some fine painting representing Eve, Venus, or some undraped nymph, ever question himself or herself respecting the probable fate of the model from whose living beauty the artist has won the charm of his picture? Chance has recently made me acquainted with the history of one of those radiant originals whose graces have been immortalized by art. When visiting the studio of M. Lefebvre, I paused in admiration before the original sketch of that exquisite image of pure and girlish loveliness, the "Chloe," that was one of the gems of the last salon, and that in photographic reproduction has proved so immensely popular. "The model who sat to me for that picture," said M. Lefebvre, "was but 17 years of age; and my exquisite was her form in outline and proportion, that I was scarcely obliged to alter or idealize a single line. She sat to me during the entire Winter, and in the Spring I quitted Paris, to travel through Holland and Belgium. On my return, I found that the poor young creature was dead. She was a girl of more refinement and elevation of sentiment than is usually found among persons of her position, and, being in the hands of a gang of low confederates, they had attempted to force her into a way of life from which her soul revolted. Thus driven to despair, the poor child poisoned herself by washing phosphorus from friction-matches, and then swallowing the decoction. She was taken to the hospital, where she died in a few hours; and as her unnatural relatives refused to claim her body, it was handed to the doctors of the establishment for dissection. "Had I been in Paris," added the artist, in a tone of deep feeling, "I could have saved her from that last indignity at least." Such was the final destination of that fair and exquisite form, which, reproduced with that chaste idealization which has made of Lefebvre the purest of all painters of the nude, remains one of the most refined and delicate of all modern representatives of the female "form divine."

The beauty of a model in Paris is a flourishing and lucrative one. Many of the women engaged in it are perfectly virtuous, being always accompanied by a mother or sister when they go to sit, and being treated with the utmost respect by the artists who employ them. Most of the celebrated painters will engage a fine model for months, or even for years, so difficult is it to discover one that at all approaches the ideal of the painter. They receive from 5 to 20 francs a day for their services, according to their beauty and celebrity, those who are capable of posing for the entire figure receiving, of course, the highest pay. A romantic but painful story connected with one of these models was related to me by an American artist of distinction. A few months ago there appeared in that capacity, in the art-circles of Paris, a young English girl not yet 15, so perfectly and radiantly beautiful that her services were eagerly engaged months ahead at the rate of 15 francs a day. She was under the charge of an old Italian woman, and was a thoroughly naive and child-like little creature, delighted to pose for the English and American artists, because they spoke her language, and far more interested in the cakes and sugar-plums that were literally bestowed upon her than the money she was making, or in the disgustation of her position. One of her own countrymen, by questioning her, drew from her the story of her entrance into her questionable and perilous career. She was the daughter of a small shopkeeper in London. Her parents were very poor, and the Italian woman had offered to bring the girl to Paris, to feed and clothe her, and to pay her parents one shilling a day for her services, averring that she was to sit in Italian peasant costume to the French artists as a blonde contadine. Instead of keeping her contract, the wretched Italian had hired out the poor child as a model for the entire figure, and was reaping a rich harvest from her services. The Englishman at once laid the case before the authorities, and the Italian was arrested, tried for the grave offense, which is known in France as *detournement de mineur*, and convicted. The lovely girl-model was placed in a convent to be educated, and will probably become a respectable and decent member of society.—*Mrs. Hooper's letter in Appleton's Journal.*

THE WALKER DIVORCE CASE.

Judge Robinson, in the Special Term of the Court of Common Pleas yesterday, decided the motion for temporary alimony and counsel fees made by defendant in the divorce suit of Joseph Walker against Eliza Jane Walker. She asked $400 per week, claiming that her husband's income amounted to several hundred dollars per day. Judge Robinson, in a memorandum of his decision, says: "After a perusal of the affidavits presented on the behalf of the respective parties, I am of the opinion that, under the circumstances of this case, an allowance should be made to the defendant of $75 a week for temporary alimony, together with $500 counsel fee, and another allowance of $500 for expenses of the trial when she shall, by stipulation served twenty days before any such trial term, agree, on payment of that sum within five days thereafter, to be ready for trial thereat. This alimony is to be allowed from the 1st instant, deducting whatever may have been paid by way of weekly allowance under previous orders. I do not think it necessary to assign at any length my reasons for this conclusion, beyond stating that, after considering the various instances of indelicate, unfeminine, and gross conduct of the defendant, as presented on the affidavits of numerous witnesses, and mainly uncontradicted but by her own denials, but all tending to fasten upon her grave suspicion of her guilt as an adulteress, the allowance of any greater sum would be to administer, not to any of her actual wants, but to her extravagant habits of expenditure. When she shall have maintained her innocence of the charges made against her, she will occupy a well-established position to demand any remuneration the wrong done her, and for such equitable allowance due to a wife unjustly driven from her home and compelled to defend herself from any unjust accusation, and be entitled to demand complete justice, not only for the wrong done her, but for her position as an injured wife, repudiated and left without support by her husband.—*N. Y. Times*, March 16.

A QUAKER ELOPEMENT.—The village of Millbrook, on the Dutchess and Columbia Railroad, is in a fever of excitement over an elopement which occurred there last Saturday. The principals in the affair are John Raymond, a Quaker, forty years old, and Miss Katy Whaley, a twenty-one-year-old housegirl. The facts of the case are these: Katy was working in John's house as a servant. For about eighteen months they have been suspiciously intimate; but, it seems, Mrs. Raymond was unaware of the true state of affairs until last Saturday. On that day John and Katy got their heads together and concocted a plan for their especial pleasure and the consternation of all the quiet, peace-loving citizens of that village of condensed milk and coffee-mill notoriety. On the day mentioned, John and his wife started to visit a friend at Verbank. The same evening Katy took the milk-train on the Dutchess and Columbia road, and, as the train neared Verbank, John said to his wife: "I guess I'll go down to the depot and see the train come in." The unsuspecting Mrs. Raymond let him go, and he has not returned since. He boarded the train, and he and his dear little Katy proceeded to Matteawan, where they took the omnibus for Fishkill station, and from there went by express to New York. Katy drew some money that she had deposited in the Poughkeepsie Savings Bank a few days before, and John, who was treasurer of the Millbrook division of the Sons of Temperance, forgot to leave his receipt for $14. The saddest part of the affair is that his wife and six children are left destitute, the brute taking every cent he could get hold of. He was in the employ of Mr. John Lane. Certain parties claim a knowledge of his whereabouts, and it is to be hoped that he will be forced out and dealt with rigorously.—*Rhinebeck* (N. Y.) *Gazette*.

BREACH-OF-PROMISE CASES.—On complaint of Miss Anna Haberdt, a young German woman, residing at No. 43 Second street, Richard F. Scully of the firm of Scully & Reilly, liquor-dealers, at No. 361 Bowery, corner of Fourth street, was arrested in a civil suit instituted against him by Miss Haberdt to recover $3,000 for alleged betrayal under promise of marriage. Scully gave $3,000 bail to await the issue of the suit. Miss Wilhelmina Brown of Ludlow street, near Grand, instituted a suit against Theodore Friedman, the son of a German count, who was stopping at a hotel on Broadway, living on remittances sent him by his father, to recover damages resulting from her betrayal under promise of marriage. Friedman was arrested as he was on the point of departing for Germany, and was married to his victim in Ludlow-street Jail. Miss Brown, who is of very prepossessing appearance, and is well educated, was in an agony of grief when she found that Friedman was about to leave for Germany, and she implored her counsel, Mr. Howe, to do his utmost to cause him to marry her and save her honor, and shield from disgrace the child of which she was soon to become the mother. Friedman, on being arrested, consented to marry Miss Brown.—*N. Y. Times*, March 17.

A SURPRISING DECISION.—In the Court of Chancery at Trenton, N. J., yesterday, Chancellor Runyon rendered a decision in the suit of English vs. English of Jersey City, on application for divorce. The plaintiff,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Mar. 20.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonino, Teresa
Arnold, Ella
Britton, Ada
Berry, Celia
Bishop, Mad. Eleanor
Brennan, Mrs. Enna
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma
Barnes, Mrs. A.
Bliuman, Mrs. Grace
Boshell, Louise
Bloom's Combin., Dora
Castello, Mrs. L.
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Casell, Mrs. Fannie
Carle, Lestie
Clark & De Lorme, Annie
Clark, Nellie (club "biz")
Crayton, Gussie
Coventry, Julie
Darling, Bessie
D Bennaire, Jennette
Davis, Lizzie (vocalist)
Drayton, Mrs. Henri
Dearden, Fannie
Doris, Mrs. J. B.
Ellis Sisters
Evans, Mrs. M. F.
Egtan, or Valerie, Sallie
Ellenburg Maude
Engel, Jennie
Elberts, Blanche
Esmond, Ella
Francis, Leonia (variety "biz")
Foster, Pearie
Freeman, Ada
Fisher, Kate
Franklin, Mrs. J. Wynn
Forest, Lillian
French, Mrs. Nina
Glassford, Eliza (dram. "biz")
Gleason, Mrs. Alice
Gonzal, D. Della
Hudson, Miss A. V
Hall, Lillie A.
Hastings, Lizzie(3)
Hezlep, Grace
Heerne, Addie (of Kirally Co.)
Herrmann, Mrs A. (3)
Howard, Nellie
Henderson, Louisa
Herd Sisters
Jordan, Alecia
Jee, Mrs. Harry
Lee, Rosa
Lancaster, Nannie M. (2)
Lavarnie, Lizzie
Lupo, Mlle. (dansense)
Leslie, Jennie
McGill, Mrs. Sadie
Moor, Clara
Miller, Mrs. A.
May, Annie sc.
Neville, Emma J.
O'Brien, Norah (of Healy's Co.)
Price, Annette 5c.
Powell, Kittie (actress)
Raymond, Lillie
Rainford, Alice
Kemmelsberg, Bettie
Rice, Emma
Robinson, Minnie (vocalist)
Stuart, Adelaide
Swinburne, Marie (3)
Sawyer, Mary
St. Felix, Mad.
Templeton, Fay
Violetia, Mlle.
Victoria, Mlle.
Wren, Martha (2)
Wood, Aggie
Watson, Mrs. Louisa
Woods, Carrie
Zera, Mrs.
Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Harry T. 5c.
Ais, ——(gymnast)(2)
Andrews, Chas.
Almonte, Geo.
Austin, A. S.
Arlington, Chas.
Andrews, Wm.
Asmus, H. (musician)
Atkins, Chas. H. (manager)
Beach, Geo. B.
Braham, Harry
Bloodgett, Wash.
Boyd, Clarence
Barlow, Wm. A.
Baker, Walter
Blossom, "Nat"
Blossom, Jas.
Byrne, Fred. (of Kenit's Co.)
Bowren, W. L.
Benoit, O.
Barbour, W. W.
Bannell, G. B.
Brown, Harry (of Goldsten's Co.)
Barber, A.
Beadle, Mr. (of Bead. Bellringers)
Banker Bros.
Benjamin, Harvey P. (2)
Barnes, Wm. (of Washburn's Co.)
Beeman, Eddie M.
Bidaux, Sig. Gus
Brown, B (of Harley's Minst.) (2)
Bruce, Bros.
Benford, Saml.
Burbank, A. P.
Baldwin, Prof. S.S.
Butler, A. (of Georgia Minst.)
Bryant, Chas. (of Detroit, Mich.)
Burke, J. M.
Benson, Jas.
Bryant's Minstrels, Manager of
Bennett, H. (comedian, wh.
Bolger, "Tony" C.
Brown, E. S.
Bryant, Wm. (with Bryant's Minst.)(2)
Brown, F. A. (of J. Coomb's Co.)
Blind Tom's Manager (2)
Bosco, Sig.
Burton, J. W. (comedian)
Bryant & Williams
Boyd, Jno. p. o. m.
Bellset, Leland
Collins, M. (of Collins & Moore)
Crosby, Chas. (of Sing.)
Colville, Wm. (late of Howe's Cir.)
Clark, W. F. (of Emerson & Clark)
Cawthorn, Herbert S.
Carter, Barry
Campbell, Bartley
Cushing, Dan.
Cook, Louis E.
Cobb, Willis
Clinton, Arthur
Chapman, Geo.
Cressville, J. A.(2)
Corbin, Fred. C.
Crane, "Ned" (clogging)
Clemons, C. (musician)
Chadwick, Howard
Clapham, H. J. 6c.
Cushing, D. (comedian)
Cleves, Wm. "6c.
Levit, Benj. (of Reniz'sMinst.)6c.
Little, Chas. A.
Lloyd, Wm. (2)
Lee, Wm.
Levit, Harry
Loyal, Theodore
Leavitt's Bellringers (2)
Laughlin, Jos. (of Lottie Co.)
Long, Mose (candy peddler)
Linton, Harry (variety "biz")
Lawlor, W. F.
Lavarnie, A. A.
Lannier's Dram. Co., Manag.
Lee, J. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Lennox, Walter S. (comedian)
Morse, W. E. (agent)
McKoy, "Andy"
McCormick, Jno.
Maynard, C. H.
Morris, Frank B.
Morris, John
Mills, S. H.
Morris, Wm.
Monzert, Lem.
Manning, Jno.
Mowry, Fred.
Mayo, Frank
Maxwell, Jno. C. (agent)
Mann, Julius
Mortimer, Ed. L.
Murphy, Jon. Theo.
Murphy, H. A. (2)
McKay, "Andy" (with Peak Family)
Maryon, Theophilus
McVicker, Jno.
Mason, "Ned"
Magill, David
McKee, A.
McFadden, Jno.
Miron, ——(p. o. m.
Ghent, Germany)
McGill, Wm. (of Emerald Minst.)
McGeach, Wm. (with McGill & Strong)
Maynard, H. W. (advance agent)
Mack, John
"X Y Z"

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office on March 16 for Taylor Brown, Saml. Keinan and R. A. Butler, all of the Georgia Minstrels; Jas. Pirsh of Hall's Co., and Montgomery Queen.

Macky, Jas. (song- and dance)
Mac Evoy, Frank
Meichtar, Wm. J.
Mac Evoy'sMinst., Agent of Frank Mathew'sOo., Manager of Julia Millons, The
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.)
Mitchell, C. T.
Nutt, Commodore (2) 5c.
Norton, Francis
Newcombe, Robt.
Obrey Concert Co., The
Nichols, J. (late of St. Joseph, Mo.)5c.
Omohondro, J. B.
Owens, Jno. E.
Ogden, "Abe"
Owens, Wm.
O'Keef, Wm.
Phoite, R. H.
Pfaff, Dan.
Pfaff, H. C.
Pullman Bros.
Pix, Col. C. S.
Parker, Lewis 5c.
Phoite, H.
Prescott, D. K.
Peters, Jas. P.
Purcell, A. W.
Piggott, J. (scenic-artist)
Parks & Davis
Piercy, S. W.
Quin, E. (drummer)
Quitter & Gotch
Quin, "Barney" 16c.
Rankin, McKee
Rowland, Jas.
Renfrow, J. M.
Robinson, W. J. (of Bertie's Co.)
Randolph, Wm. (song-and-dance)
Ross, J. (musician)
Robinson, C. S.
Raynor, Harry
Rolland, Wm. E. 3c.
Russell, Richd.
MacCaule's Co.)
Robinson, Wm. (leader)
Rice, Wm. (minst. "biz")
Randall, Jesse U.6c.
Rogers, Lorain
Richards, Prof. W. (man-fish) 3lc.
Stuebgen, Prof. (of Wisdom's Circus)
Sully, Dan'l. (Irish comedian)
Seymour, C. T.
St. Omand, H. L.
Sweet, J. D. (2)
Stephens, E. H. (actor)
Sackett, Ed. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Smith, E. P. (of Georgia Minst.)
Steen, Jno.
Steele, Frank
Schofield, Fred. S. (2)
Slate, Henry
Simmons & Wall
Stultz, J. G.
Seeley, Frank B.
Sydney, Vernon
Schaffer, J. B.
Sexton, Prof. M. C.
Slavin, J. H. (2)
Scott, Rob.
Sanford's Uncle Tom Co., S. S.
Salisbury's Troubador's
Smith, D. H. (with Dup. & Bened.)
Sadler, Thos. (of Sadler & Green)
Stevens, R. E.
Swan, J. B.
Schiele, David
Seamon, P. H.
Sully, Dan'l.
Terry, Robt. (fakir)
Terry, R. S.
Tyler, Geo. H.
Tarbure, O. W.
Tiffany, Geo. M.
Turner, Thos.
Townsend Dram. Co., Manag.
Tom Thumb's Co., Manager
Ulfner, Frank
Vanderbilt, F. (6)
Vigeon, Robt.
Vincent, Felix A.
Vosburgh, E. B.
Wentworth, Walter
Wolhalla, Edward
Wildman, Fred. (manager)
Williams & Turner's Dram. Co., Man.
Woodford, Chas. (theat. "biz")
Walters, "Lew"
Walker, Chas.
Walters, Chas. E.
White, Geo.
Washburne, E. S.
Wallace, Bart. W.
Walker, Chas.
Ware, Geo. (minst.
Wood & West
Washburn, Leon(2)
White, Ed. C.
"W. J. C." (3)
Wires, R. S.
White, G. W. or Daniel
Wilson, Geo. E. (theat. manager)
Wilson, Chas. (of Cole's Cir.)
White, Fred. (of Skiff & Gay Minst.)
West, Frank (of Wood & West)
Williams & Clapp
Wilson, F. (with Harrigan & Hart)
Walcott, G. K. (vocalist)
"X Y Z"

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, March 20, '76.

The "ides of March" having passed, St. Patrick's Day having culminated, and Daniel Drew and the National Bank of the State of New York having suspended, the great metropolis is to be congratulated on the invulnerability of her position, and the confidence and rectitude of her people under the most depressing circumstances. Some opposition was made to the passage of the Irish parade below Canal street, but it amounted to nothing; and the street-pageant passed off peacefully and gaily. The "ides of March" were out with Wednesday's tides of March, and made no sign. The downfall of Daniel Drew was but a two days' wonder, and then gave place to more important matters, notably the failure of the Bank of New York; and the week closed on a quiet market and hopes of better times. In this connection we may be permitted to state, as Daniel Drew is a bloated bondholder no longer, and is but a poverty-stricken old man, that he is not, and never has been, related to Mrs. John Drew of the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia. This much in justice to Mrs. Drew. And yet we do not exult over the fall of "the old man eloquent!" When Daniel went into the lion's den in Wall street, he went in knowing the dangers he had to encounter; but, with the example of Daniel of old before him, he imagined that *he*, too, could emerge scathless; he lost sight of the fact that the lions of Wall street are far more treacherous and bloodthirsty than were those in the menagerie in which the ancient Daniel made his debut as an animal-tamer. And so, while the latter escaped, through a miracle, as it were, our Daniel came to grief through the treachery of the bulls and bears who roam at large on the "coast of Barbary." Out of his large collection, Daniel Drew has but a sealskin left. Pity for him!..... And talking about Wall street, last week was eventful in more ways than one, for several of the theatres resumed specie payments in small measure, and the Fifth-avenue Theatre gave out silver change; and in honor of St. Patrick he gave out gold in change on the natal day of Ireland's patron saint. Ambitious of shining in the money-market as an advocate of paper-currency, one of Mr. Daly's employes in the ticket-office gave out change in twenty-dollar counterfeit notes; but the habitues with a sight of gold and silver, wouldn't touch the crooked stuff, and the illicit official was disconnected by the manager, and put under bail for attempting to pass bad bills in a house which is noted for its good bills. Revenge is sweet! This same derelict official once got us "in a corner;" that is, he sold us what proved to be good seats in the centre of the theatre; instead, they were among *the worst in the house!* We knew then that pernicious seller of tickets and people would come to a bad end. He has now got himself into a corner. Poetry on it:

One more unfortunate,
Weary of pelf,
Rashly importunate,
Endeavored to work off counterfeit twenties.

.....And the reference to the crooked business reminds us of another duty we owe to the profession, and we hasten to cancel the indebtedness. The whole country has been made acquainted with the modus operandi by which the present Mrs. Belknap was enabled to dress in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day; but it was as *Mrs. Bowers* she gained her present unenviable notoriety. Now, be it remembered that one of the brightest stars in the theatrical firmament is Mrs. Bowers, a lady who relies upon her own industry for her financial resources. Ever ready to connect the profession with dishonorable actions, the reverend clergy may, in their ignorance, seek to identify *our* Mrs. Bowers with the other Mrs. Bowers, now Mrs. Belknap. To protect the good name and fame of the actress, we take this opportunity to say that Mrs. Bowers the financier is not *our* Mrs. Bowers, but an entirely different person. Country papers will please copy, and send bills to the late Secretary of War..... We had a "boy Hamlet" once; he was his parents' pride; not long ago he gave a show; but better if he had'nt. And this calls to mind *another* amateur performance of Hamlet, in which the melancholy Dane and his melancholy associates were "murdered in cold blood"—if you know what *that* means. In *that* show, if we remember aright, the Ophelia of the evening exclaimed, in the "mad scene" "Here's a right upper entrance for you!" She had mistaken RUE for the stage directions. Happily, she is now dead; but "she *should* have died before!"..... The new play of "Fernecol" is up for representation at the Union-square Theatre this evening; and "Our Jim," who gets everything wrong, calls it "Ferule," the end of a stick, and advises the utility actors to be careful, for fear the "Ferule" shall be *their* end..... She was on the sunny side of Broadway, and the sunny side of twenty! She was coming from the matinee, and was the cynosure of every eye; her limbs, as exemplified by the closely-fitting garment which hedged her in, were of graceful symmetry, and on her hat she wore a wreath of roses. You will bear with us, kind friends, while we improvise a few choice lines of original poetry on—

"HER."

A bonnet white adorns her head—
Upon it, birds and flowers immense;
While its perfumes plainly show
That she's possessed *of common scents!*

.....And this reference to "Her" makes us wonder, if the voice is an index of character, why it is that a *lady* always has a *low* voice!..... The Parisian Vestris, having a *Prior* claim on the services of the lady, last week introduced us to "the pride and glory of the Pacific." There is a good deal of enterprise displayed in the management of this cosy little place..... In view of the approach of the tenting season, a new work is announced as in press. It is entitled "*His First Feat*," by a gymnast; sequel to "*His Last Legs*."..... Shakespeare didn't go far enough when he said "There is a tide in the affairs of men," else he wouldn't have lost sight of the "tied-back in the affairs of women."..... We know a girl who is passionately fond of music; so fond, indeed, that we have known her to leave a good, wholesome dinner of corned beef and cabbage so that she might take in the soul-stirring strains of a German band. She sought our advice as to the choice of an instrument. We recommended a trombone! She was rich in thanks, as you will understand, but her means were of an inadequate bias. We dwelt on the beauties of the trombone, as contrasted with the dull tones of the "bombadoon." She still pleaded her poverty. In despair, we left her. When next we saw this youthful bud she was jerking away at what looked like a bellows, and which emitted volumes of sound of uncertain breadth of rectitude. She had no Fort Sill perquisites; she was awful poor; but oh! so honest. She would sooner starve than use a trombone; and so she had—reversed according to her means."..... And speaking about trombones, the reader well knows that we seldom blow our own trumpet; and, though THE CLIPPER is of an innocent, sportive character, we don't often pretend to a great amount of "true goodness" like they have over in Brooklyn—irreverently called "The City of Churches"—yet we evidently suit the tastes of good men of the past week has been of this present; in proof whereof we frequently receive congratulatory letters from both *St. John* and *St. Paul!*..... A swamp near the seashore always reminds us of one of Lotta's plays because of the *Marshiness* in it. [Now, James, you know that we have not time to go into explanation. If *you* cannot see the point, others, less obtuse, can see it.—J. M.] Salisbury will fit in the place, but, when it is introduced into business places, it were "better it had never been born," to use a somewhat crude figure of speech. This is how

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

"These stockings are cotton thread—
Have you got any *Lisle?*" he said.
"We don't keep music here, mun,"
Said the clerk, as he tossed his head.

.....And while we are on the trade, let us politely ask you why the publication of a popular novel is like a theatrical fact? "Because of the Marshiness in it?" Why, no, James; what put that into your head? That is quite another matter. "Well, why is it, then?" Because in both cases it's *profitable to book "Sellers."* "Is that all of it?" Why, how much more do you want? But does it not appear to you, James; don't you understand it? "She don't seem to jibe—maybe you've left the joke out." See here now—isn't a popular novel profitable to *booksellers?* "Yes." Well, don't managers of theatres find it profitable to *book "Sellers"*—John T. Raymond? "Wonder if *all* our invaluable readers will understand it?" Go to, go to, you rogue, you! Correspondent Corbin's correspondent declines us to state that one of the Snow Brothers, gymnasts, is called "Beautiful Snow," not so much for his good looks, as for his faculty of *coming down so easily*—on his feet.....To prevent any trouble in the future, it may be proper for us to state that the new president of the resurrected Bank of New York is *not* one of the Belmonts, trapeze artists. This may be relied upon..... And while we are making corrections, we may as well state that the New York Lodge of Elks is not composed of *real* elks, as the unnaturalist might imagine..... Among others advertised to perform in various places is one "Professical Walker." Now, if he's more of a *whimsical walker* than Weston, we'd like to know it..... Guess we shall go wild over the live lords, and emperors, and dukes, and counts, and such things as will be soon making their way to "the land of the downtrodden from every clime." We know a man who has a penchant for the word; his errors to disclose. Instead, permit us to favor you with a few rhymes which, alas! are

TOO TRUE.

"You Yankees go mad about titles,"
Cried that Briton, bold Captain McBlow;
"You're just like a big Turkish city.
For yer *Carnt stand a noble*, yer know."

.....Still another theatre has joined the speculating ranks. Manager Wood, at his Museum, last week presented his patrons with a "Golden Eagle," and it wasn't the hundredth presentation of the piece, either. But it goes to show the tendency of the times.....Our readers, we trust, were not alarmed by the announcement made last week by Captain Mindil that he intends to take a party of real live Indians to visit the Eastern slope during the Spring. These Indians are trained to be harmless, and merely intend to imitate the characteristics of the red man. Only this and nothing more. .....There is some similarity between a Sound steamer off duty and the Woman "Darling" in "Fish," since they are both *bound to a pier in the water!*

CITY SUMMARY.

REL MUAB, W. H. Harris, Lulu Richmond, and Andy McKee were the newcomers at the Globe Theatre the past week. Rel Muab, who claims to be a native of Russian Poland, gave a series of performances, consisting in part of biting pieces from a red-hot iron bar, drinking boiling oil, licking with his tongue a red-hot shovel, and standing on his bare feet upon a plate of iron heated almost to whiteness. He accomplished all of these without apparent pain or injury to himself, and all his feats were performed in such a manner that there could be no deception. W. H. Harris met with considerable success in singing popular songs. Lulu Richmond, who has been performing single-handed since the sad accident to her sister Josie, nearly a year ago, at once obtained the favor of the spectators by her clever singing and dancing. Her costumes are rich and effective, her appearance is pleasing, and her movements are agile and graceful. Andy McKee, who appeared after a brief recess, also met with the accustomed favor in songs and dances. Henrietta Mollenhauer and Julia Wilson sang songs. Sam Rickey and Master Barney were seen as "The Happy Irish Couple;" Billy Barry sang Ethiopian songs, danced grotesquely, and delivered a stump speech—a new departure for this gentleman—in which he began quite successful. The sketches of "The Hotel Runners," "The Ladder Agents," and "Hash," introducing Bob Hart, Charley Benedict, Eugene Blitz, and the pantomime of "The Conscript," by the Zanfretta Troupe, filled out the bill, which attracted good-sized audiences.

THE EQUINOCTIAL STORMS on Thursday last affected the attendance, when a greater or less degree at all of our places of public amusement.

J. H. LAINE, general agent of Dupres & Benedict's Minstrels, was in town during the past week.

MISS MARIAN MORDAUNT is to commence an engagement at the Bowery Theatre March 20, acting in "Marjorie."

A PARTIAL CHANGE in the cast of "Rose Michel," at the Union-square Theatre, was made on March 13. James W. Collier acted the Count De Vernay so well that the absence of Charles R. Thorne Jr. was not felt. He displayed much taste in costuming the character, and the entire impersonation was highly creditable and effective. While Seymour, who acted Moulinet in the place of Stuart Robson, deserves much commendation for his conscientious labors, and, considering his youth and comparatively short professional experience, he may be said to have achieved a pronounced success. Miss Nina Varian retains in her hands the character of Lucie. "Rose Michel" was withdrawn after its 120th representation on the evening of March 18. "Ferrol" is to be produced March 20.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS have no reason to complain of the business they are doing, and their performances continue to be highly relished by their patrons. The programme the past week was headed by "Kiss Me to Sleep," sung by J. A. Barney; "Don't be Jealous, Darling," by W. Raymond; and "Mamma, Why Don't Papa Come?" by Carl Rudolph in the first part, and in the olio a song-and-dance called "Tapping at the Gate," by Johnson and Powers; "The Lover and the Bird," sung by Ricardo; a cornet-solo by Arthur Bent, and the sketch of "She Stoops to Conquer." "Peek a Daily Play" is announced for March 20.

"JULIUS CESAR" received its eighty-seventh consecutive representation at Booth's Theatre on Saturday evening last. Considering the length of the run, the attendance has been remarkably large. On Wednesday, 22, E. L. Davenport, the representative of Brutus, is to receive a matinee benefit.

THE AVERAGE ATTENDANCE at the Park Theatre has continued good since our last report, and the comedy of "Brass" seems to be well launched upon a prosperous voyage. On Saturday many of the officers and members of the Knights of St. Patrick and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick were present by invitation, and each visitor was presented with a "Life of St. Patrick" (by Chief-justice Shea) and a photograph of a portrait of the Saint. These festivities were postponed from St. Patrick's night.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The organ-concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity on Wednesday afternoon, March 17, presented Prof. Warren as the executant on the organ, assisted by Miss Maria Brainerd, soprano, in the vocal selections..... The Strakosch Italian-opera Company rendered "Il Trovatore" at the Academy of Music on Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of the Women's Centennial Union. Mlle. Theresa Titiens impersonated Leonora, supported by Miss Beaumont and Signors Brignoli, Tagliapietra and Reina, under the direction of MAX MARETZEK..... The Philharmonic Society gave the fifth concert of the present season and last but one of the series at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening. The performance of the selections, which comprised Hall's Symphony No. 2, Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Spohr's "Faust" overtures, as the orchestral interpretation, was under the direction of Mr. Geo. Matzka. Senor Joseph White the violinist was the soloist on the occasion, rendering Vieuxtemp's "Ballade et Polonaise" and Bach's "Ciaconna."..... Frank Gilder was the piano-soloist at the entertainment on the part of clever readings by A. P. Burbank the elocutionist, given at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening..... The Jubilee Singers appeared at a farewell concert at Steinway Hall on Sunday evening, prior to their departure for Europe on the 23d inst.

JOHN D. GRIFFIN and W. H. Brockway are announced to perform this week at the Globe Theatre.

HARLEIGH SMITH, Stewart Dare, T. S. Hall and G. H. Jackson are to be added to the company at the Twenty-third-street Opera-house March 20.

KITTIE O'NEIL, Bobby Newcomb, Prof. D. Bushnell, Mlle. Louise, the Turner Brothers—three in number—Harry Bryant, and Coffey and Fox are to be seen this week at Tony Pastor's New Theatre.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMPANY, which starts upon its twelfth annual tour on or about April 3, will perform at the Academy of Music, in this city, for one night only—Thursday, April 27.

MLLE. ETTA, Frank Leathwood, Lillie Hall, the Twin Sisters French, Billy Gray, Jennie Morgan, and Prof. Nell Smith and dogs comprised the reminiscences at Tony Pastor's New Theatre, March 13. Mlle. Etta is a graceful and talented contortionist, whose feats surpass all others hitherto given on the local stage by similar performers of her own sex, and are fully equal to any others given by males. A description of a single feat will exemplify her ability. Bandaging her own eyes with a white handkerchief, she inclined her head backward, and then placed upon her forehead a tumbler filled with water. She then walked to the wings and retraced her steps, walking backwards, to the point of starting. Then, taking a brass ring, the orifice of which was barely large enough for her figure to pass through, she extended herself in a horizontal position upon the stage-floor, and, putting the ring over her head, she contrived by various feats of contortion to pass her entire figure through it, and then rose to a standing position, when the glass was still seen as it had originally been placed, and not a drop of water had been spilled. Frank Leathwood performed popular airs upon a species of mandolin, and later gave imitations upon the concertina of bugle-calls and a full band playing a march, which met with a fair degree of favor. Lillie Hall sang a number of songs, some of which were fresh, which were liberally applauded. Leonora and Millie French, twin sisters, performed musical sketches and songs-and-dances so well as to excite the enthusiasm of the spectators. These young misses are rapidly increasing in stature, and their demeanor is modest and pleasing. Billy Gray became quite popular by his excellent delineation of Ethiopian characters in sketches, and the numerous gags interpolated by him combined the elements of wit and humor. Jennie Morgan, who reappeared after a brief absence, was cordially welcomed, and the warmth of the greeting attested her great popularity. She sang several fresh songs, which were redemanded. Prof. Nell Smith exhibited a troupe of trained dogs, which on the evening we were present—Tuesday—appeared to be suffering from fatigue, and therefore were possibly not seen at their best. They evinced a disposition to be somewhat unruly, and were rather inclined to frolic with each other than obey the dictates of their master. Tony Pastor sang a fresh song, enumerating the curiosities he intended sending to the Centennial Exhibition. When we write that "the foot of the girl that wore the first striped stocking" is a fair sample of the collection, the reader can imagine its tenor. It created much merriment, and, in response to hearty recalls, Tony gave others, including "They Said I Couldn't do It, but I Did," which has become highly popular. Andy Collom repeated his banjo-song, Mlle. Victoria her leaps upon the high trapeze, and Blanche and Leona Fontainbleau their hat and flag spinning. Western and Walling were seen in a musical sketch entitled "Love's Progress," fully sustaining the good opinion we hitherto expressed of them. Gus Williams sang a number of his freshest Dutch character-songs, and told the funniest of his stories, and acted John Franz in the closing sketch of "The Dutch Policeman." Cotton and Birdue gave acrobatic songs-and-dances, one sketch of "Trouble in Jones' Family" and "The Serenade" introduced, besides those already mentioned, Frank Girard, Jennie Satterlee, and Sadie Deahon. Business large.

MISS ADELLA, the Poole Brothers, and Miss Fanny Brown were the fresh people at the Olympic Theatre on March 13, "Opened Her Mouth" and "Antonio Perra, Massenetta Irmo, Marquita Filippe and Rosaline Venturaz—dancers, who were announced to make their first appearance in America, did not appear the evening we were present (Friday), and an act called "The Four Spaniards" was performed by Little Mac, Johnny Allen, John Gilbert and Master West. Miss Adella acted with a marked success as a vocalist, she having a pure soprano voice of good tone and power, and thoroughly under control. She is of medium height, has a good figure, a pleasing appearance, and was attired in a dress of white material of gossamer texture of the latest fashionable design. The Poole Brothers gave their well-known specialty of clog-dancing and somersault-throwing on pedestals, which met with liberal applause. Miss Fanny Brown, who will be remembered as a pleasing actress at the Winter Garden and other Broadway theatres in years gone by, reappeared upon the local stage after a long absence, acting Joe Rinsing, in "Newboy," in John T. Poole's local dramatic sketch entitled "New York During the Centennial." Her artistic powers are yet undimmed, and she has lost none of her vivacity and sprightliness. Besides these, the Carlo Brothers gave horizontal-bar and acrobatic feats; Wash. Norton sang local songs, and Conway appeared to Mac danced an assence; Fred. Levantine gave balancing feats, using a bar, globe and cross; Johnson and Bruno were seen in songs-and-dances; Adah Richmond sang popular songs; and the sketches of "The Lost Watch," "The Boy in Hamlet" and "Life in a Tenement-house" introduced John Hart, W. B. Conway, G. W. Griffin, Miss Coventry and others. Attendance fair. Griffin, Miss Coventry and others.

PRESENTATION.—At the social session of the New York Lodge No. 1, B. P. O. E., held in Masonic Hall on Sunday evening, March 19, R. S. Martin, the secretary of the Lodge, was presented with a handsome and valuable gold watch and chain, to each link of which is attached a monogram badge of the Order. Upon the inner cap is engraved the following inscription: "Presented to R. S. Martin by New York Lodge No. 1, B. P. O. E., March 19, 1876." Brother Henry P. O'Neal made the presentation speech in a felicitous manner. The entire affair had been kept so thoroughly from the knowledge of Mr. Martin that he was first apprised of the presentation when the gift was handed to him by Brother O'Neal. Mr. Martin is highly esteemed by the members of the Order, and in every way worthy of the honor conferred upon him.

JOHN BROUGHAM was elected president of the Lotus Club March 18.

A RUMOR IS CURRENT that Kelly & Leon's Minstrels will occupy the Twenty-third street Opera-house during the Summer months.

"HENRY V" is to be produced at Booth's Theatre after the run of "Julius Cæsar," and it is possible that the theatre may be closed during the week commencing April 3 to give proper effect to the reproduction of that spectacular play. George Rignold, Messrs. Thorne, Bishop, etc., will reappear in the cast.

AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE the chief attractions of the past week were Maude Davenport and Thomas Morrissey, Jennie Foster and Alfredo and Bennett. This week will be presented a copy of Leona Fontainbleau, Prof. Donaldson and Morgan and Welsh. The pantomime of "The Red Gnome" is to be produced.

ON THE OCCASION of E. L. Davenport's benefit, at the matinee at Booth's Theatre on Wednesday, March 22, the E. L. Davenport Club intend presenting him with an illustrated copy of Shakespeare's plays, and a new suit of silver-plated armor, said to be valued at $500. The latter is now on exhibition in one of the windows of the Prescott House.

A CHANGE IN THE CAST of "Pique" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre occurred at the performance at the Wednesday matinee, March 15, Miss Rose Jeffreys Lewis being suddenly called to Baltimore, Md., to supply Miss Sara Jewett's place in the traveling branch of the Fifth-avenue Theatre company. Miss Kate Holland, who has hitherto acted Lucille Renfrew, took Miss Lewis' character of Mary Standish, and Miss May Nunez replaced Miss Holland as Children Renfrew. The distribution of characters will continue until Miss Lewis' return, after the recovery of Miss Jewett from her present illness.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES, an almost entire change of bill is announced for this week, as the principal members of the company recently performing have gone on a tour of some two weeks' duration. On March 20 Mlle. Ninon Duclos and her troupe of fifty Circassian female models in living tableaux; Mons. Fredericks, globe-performer; F. J. Mackey, Horace Weston, Harry Slate, Signor Bartolli, Dick Sands, the O'Regan Brothers, Eunice Moore, Mollie Dale and the Lawrence Sisters are announced to appear.

DOMINICK MURRAY and Ernest Stanley, his agent, arrived in town during the past week. Mr. Murray's next engagement is at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., commencing April 3.

SOMETHING NEW in the line of amusement is to be presented with the present withheld, said to have purchased the right of representation of Alexandre Dumas' latest drama, "L'Etrangere" (The Stranger), in America, for the sum of $5,000.

"JULIUS CESAR" is to be acted for the one hundredth consecutive time Thursday evening, March 30, at Booth's Theatre. The event will be appropriately celebrated.

THE THEATRE BILL-BOARDS on the sidewalks have got to be removed, the City Council having passed an ordinance to that effect.

T. S. HANFRAU is the star this week at Wood's Museum, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the Alabama Jubilee Singers will be the attractions at the matinees.

LUBLINE AND WATSON and the Brennans comprise the reinforcements at the Olympic Theatre this week.

A PLASTER-CAST of a bust of E. L. Davenport as Brutus, by a young sculptor named Hemenway of Providence, R. I., is now displayed in a niche in the vestibule in Booth's Theatre. The likeness is striking.

THE WIFE OF J. MORELLI, the clarionet performer with the San Francisco Minstrels, sailed for England in the steamship Denmark on March 18. The "boys" say there was considerable difficulty in deciding which line she should go by, but, suitable accommodations being offered by the National, the Denmark was selected.

JAMES M. WARD left for California on March 18. He goes to Wade's Opera-house, San Francisco, to play a part in the spectacle to be produced there 27. Large the costumes started 15.

ARRAGONI, scenic artist, who has been secured to paint a drop-curtain for Wade's Opera-house, San Francisco, will shortly start for the Pacific slope.

TONY DENIER, who has been a sufferer from his throat for some months, and been under the doctor's care in Albany, arrived in this city on March 14, for the purpose of medical treatment.

ED. MARBLE, comedian, was in town on a flying visit on Thursday last.

AN INJUNCTION was granted on March 16, by Judge Curtis, in the Special Term of the Superior Court, at the prayer of Augustin Daly, restraining T. Allston Brown from using the title of "Pigued" for the play in his possession, adapted by Lilla Purdon from Florence Marryatt's novel of "Her Lord and Master."

EDWARD FREDERICK GILBERT, a stepson of M. W. Leffingwell, died March 17, at the age of 37 years and 3 months, he having been born in this city Jan. 21, 1849. He made his debut on the stage at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., in Sept., 1869, and continued there the remainder of the season. He next went to the Opera-house, Louisville, Ky. The following season he was engaged for heavy business at the Fifth-avenue Opera-house, Pittsburg, Pa., under the management of V. E. Beamer. During the season of 1872-3 he was reengaged in Troy, under Mrs. Waller's management, and his last engagement was with F. A. Tannehill, in Toronto, Ont. While there he was stricken with paralysis, and returned to his home in this city, where he has been confined by illness for the past two years. His funeral took place from his mother's residence, No. 119 West Eleventh street, on Sunday last, at one o'clock P. M.

CHARLES FOSTER, an actor popular with the patrons of the east-side theatres, began an engagement at the Bowery Theatre March 15, acting in his own drama of "Bertha the Sewing-machine Girl," which was preceded by the farce of "Smith and Brown." These pieces gave place on Thursday evening to "Cell 201" and "The Swiss Cottage." For the latter "Irish Hearts and Irish Homes" was substituted on Friday evening, and Mr. Foster closed his engagement Saturday, acting in "The Burglars" and "Saved from the Fire." Average business good.

T. G. RICCS was the star attraction at Wood's Museum the past week, acting in "Sell Gair" until Thursday evening, when "Votes," which ran during the remainder of the week, was substituted, being supplemented at the matinees and evenings performances of Saturday by "The Golden Eagle," which, acted by the stock company, had formed the attraction at the matinees. Mr. Riggs' merits as an actor and both of the plays have frequently been reviewed in these columns.

AN AUDIENCE filling the Fifth-avenue Theatre in every part, ladies even being observed standing in the aisles during the entire evening, was present to witness the centennial representation of "Pique" on Friday evening, March 17. The columns in front of the theatre were decorated with pine-boughs, and the fronts of the proscenium boxes were concealed from view by masses of rare exotics, while the fronts of the tiers were decorated with wreaths of evergreens, relieved at intervals by wreaths of white flowers. The ladies in the cast wore new and elaborate costumes, gold was given in change to the purchasers of tickets at the box-office, and satin programmes were given to the ladies in attendance as a souvenir of the occasion. The decorations of the theatre remained undisturbed on Saturday evening, and on that occasion the ladies assembled were presented with a souvenir-programme in book-form, the covers being black and gold and the leaves of tinted paper, with letters in red ink. Each book contained two photographs of Miss Fanny Davenport in character. Extra matinees were given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. At all of the performances, save Friday, silver change was given at the box-office to those purchasing tickets.

AT THE TWENTY-THIRD-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, under the management of W. H. Smith, aided by W. W. Newcomb as stage-manager, an attractive entertainment was offered during the past week. In the minstrel first-part, Arthur Cook sang "Little Rosebud;" J. W. McAndrews, "Off for Baltimore;" J. Crosher, "Katie Darling;" F. Cushman, "I Love my Love;" and M. Baron, "When the Moon with Glory Brightens." In the variety olio, James Williams was seen in his Dutch specialities; Frank Cushman gave his admirable impersonation of an old Southern darky; Allie Drayton gave songs-and-dances; Lulu Delmay sang serio-comic songs; Baker and Doyle gave songs-and-dances; and the sketches of "Society Saved," "He Carries a Razer" and "Irish Justice, or Trial by Jury," introducing Hugh Fay, W. H. Brockway, Alice Somers and others, filled out the bill. W. W. Newcomb closed his engagement with the week.

SIDNEY SMITH, comedian, arrived in town during the past week, and has been engaged as stage-manager at one of our theatres.

A MATINEE BENEFIT for the parents of the late Stevie Rogers was given at the Twenty-third-street Opera-house this day, March 20, at which a large number of performers voluntarily appeared.

MLLE. ANNA DE BELO

MUSICAL ITEMS FROM BOSTON, MASS.—The twelfth Sunday concert, March 19, in Beethoven Hall was set apart for the benefit of John Braham. The following performers were to have appeared; Mrs. Maskell, cornet soloist; Miss Geraldine Ulmer, vocalist; Miss S. M. Clough, soprano; Miss Georgie Dean Spaulding, staff bellringer; E. G. Brown and Richard Shusbruck, cornettists; W. F. Spaulding, harp soloist; S. W. Crane and John Cummings, baritones; a grand orchestra; the Redpath English-opera Company, and the Heine Concert Company, which includes Mr. J. F. Rudolphson, Miss Helen Potter and Mr. Felix Regamey, French caricaturist.....A. P. Peck's annual benefit concert will occur in Music Hall April 5. M. W. Whitney, who is to make his first appearance at this concert since his return from abroad, will sing the bass aria, "Honor and Arms," from Handel's "Samson," and "The Bells of Etheldred," the latter of which was composed expressly for him by Barney. Von Bulow is to perform Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," and two pieces by Chopin, a nocturne and a polonaise. Miss Kellogg, Miss Drasdil and the Thomas Orchestra will also appear.....Dr. Hans von Bulow announces a series of piano recitals to take place in Music Hall, in matinee and evening performances, as follows: Monday afternoon, April 3; Tuesday evening, 4; Thursday afternoon, 6; Friday evening, 7; Saturday afternoon, 8.....For the Easter oratorios, the Handel and Haydn Society is now having its concluding rehearsals of Bach's Passion music, which will be given with a strong chorus, a good orchestra and the great organ under the touch of Mr. Lang, on the evening of Palm Sunday, April 9. The composition is very long, occupying four hours in its performance; therefore, it will not be given in absolute entirety, though more of it will be sung than ever before in this country. Another unusual attraction is to be Handel's oratorio of "Joshua," which will be performed on the evening of Easter Sunday, April 16, for the first time in this country. Professor Paine, of Harvard University, is writing the English text, and states that there are a few open dates last week in April and in May for specialty artists dramatic stars.

THE CINCINNATI ADVICES to the 19th inst. are as follows: "At the National Theatre Comique the specialty people 13 were W. A. Huntley, Moulton and Ajax, and Cincinnatus. Mr. Huntley's skill on the banjo is well and favorably known. Young Ajax in a contortion act, and in a gymnastic performance with Frank Moulton, took extremely well. Cincinnatus made a successful reappearance in his graceful song-and-dance, after several months' retirement from the stage. Tommy Neil, Hicks and ashton, Lizzie Harmon, and Frank Mara also appeared in the olio. The drama of 'Wild Bill,' with Harry Spriggs in the title-role, formed the main feature of the programme, the stock company exhibiting therein to advantage. Departures 18: Tommy Neil and Cincinnatus, for Columbus; Frank Mara, for Louisville; and Hicks and Ashton. Underlined for 20: Admiral Yale and Lulu Yale in 'Never too Late,' W. Bryant, Budworth and Kaye, and Fred and Lizzie Byron. Biz has been only fair. On St. Patrick's Day an extra matinee was given. Edgar Robinson has transferred his interest in the theatre to James Douglass, who is now proprietor and manager.....The Metropolitan was reopened on the 11th with Gardner & Co. as proprietors and managers, and the following company: Charley McCauliffe, Charley Gardner, Dan Griffin, James Jackson, Thomas H. Jefferson, Unsworth and Hall, Billy Handley, Jenkins and Walworth, Prof. Sturms, Madame Sturms, Annie Harrison, Amy Lloyd, and Lizzie Handley. A first-part and olio were given, that proved entertaining. The attendance on the first night was large, and has averaged fairly. Several additions to the company are promised next week.....The new people at Eldorado 13 were Kate Schindler, M. A. Lewis, and Lena Allen. Mrs. Griffin has been made stage-manager. To close 18: Prof. Francis Norton, Lou and De Forrest and Prof. Daly. Biz quite fair. THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Peoria, Ill., the past week, had a continuation of good houses, and the new people are ahead of expectations. Clara Vane in her Irish-comic songs has a very pleasing voice, good figure and fine wardrobe. Sam Mardy in his character of the old Southern darkey met with an enthusiastic reception. Prof. Swanson, a pianist of considerable note, is now connected with the orchestra of the Academy. Underlined for the 20th are Joe Bryde, Agnes May, Jenny Oates, Lulu La Mar, HERMAN AND JOHNS, Irish specialty and sketch team, open at Baltimore, Md., March 20, Albany, N. Y., April 3, Chicago, Ill., 17. They can be addressed engagements as per card.

THE GARRETTA TROUPE, consisting of Mlle. Garpoints, Sig. Monta, Young Apollo, and Little Valentine, Gorman and Bonner, Miss Adrienne Grey and the Kine Brothers, were among the new attractions offered at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., March 13. The performances closed with a new extravaganza entitled "Gold," the characters being represented by Messrs. Joe Lang, W. J. Thompson and Harry Budworth. In this connection it is but just praise to Mr. Lang to say that but few performers on the variety stage in Pittsburg have succeeded in achieving the popularity that this gentleman has this season. Attendance liberal. The Female Minstrels will be withdrawn for a brief period at the expiration of this week. Closing 18: Budworth and Kaye, to Cincinnati, O., and Alice Bateman and William Noonan, to Chicago, Ill. Billed for 20: Cotton and Birdue, Constantine Le Clair, Kitty Sharpe, Cassim and Fritz, and John Buckley. Letter of March 17.

FROM MEYERS' OPERA-HOUSE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., the departures March 18 were Nat and Bernetta Blossom, Nellie and Master Charles Leslie, to Scranton; Bryant and Williams, who have dissolved partnership, the former to Philadelphia and the latter to New York; Lizzie Nelson and Little Bessie, to Philadelphia. To arrive 20: Harry Bennett and Johnny Kernell, Agnes Sutherland, Ella Davis, Jessie Howard, Lizzie Richmond, Lydia Showers, Bella Cushing, Andy Showers, Billy Reynolds, Harry Hall and Frank Wood.

FROM RYAN'S ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., the departures March 18 were John Reilly, to Chicago; the Rousselle Brothers and Giovanni, to Boston; Lamonts, to New York; Belle Celeste and Frank Monroe, and the Carleton Sisters, Cleveland. The announcements for 20 are Joe Norton, the Leopold Brothers, May Marshall, Patsy Neeson, Cincinnatus, Lou Sanford and Doyle and Worland. Mark Grayson and Wm. Bryant have gone to Cincinnati.

AT THE CENTRAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., a very pleasing entertainment was given during the week just closed, headed by the Claire Sisters in their feats of contortion. Mons. and Mme. D'Omer presented their specialties in swordsmanship, sparring, shooting and walking, and Alfred Liston performed on a full set of crockery, magic bells, drums, etc., in his act of "Musical Moments." Ida Morris, vocalist, met with favor. Tierney and Cronin introduced several new and popular songs-and-dances, and Johnny Brassil allowed himself to indulge in a bit of blasphemy that was mistaken for humor in a well-delivered stump-speech. The Gilseys—Bella and Eddie—two infant prodigies, gave their songs-and-dances to but little applause. The ballets of "Sylvan Sprites" and "Champagne, or the Dancing Blondes," the latter being more readily recognized as a version of the Cancan, and several sketches filled out the programme. The departures 18th were Tierney and Cronin, Alfred Liston, Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, and the Claire Sisters. The new faces for the 20th will be Ida Gilsey and Paul Sumers, Sheahan and Jones, and the Clark Brothers. The most conspicuous feature will be Matt Morgan's living pictures. On April 1 the Central will close its doors, and the management will move to the Front-street Theatre, opening on 3, where they will thereafter continue business. They assigned as their only reason for the change that they believe that, with proper attractions and a first-class general show, the former popularity of the Front can be revived.....

THE Odson Varieties have been enjoying their usual run of good business for the week. Myles Morris appeared in original Irish songs and jigs to favor, and Andrew Gaffney performed his feats of strength to immense applause. Alice Gleason gave her songs in excellent style, and Kitty Rowell, Allie Lamonte, the Weigel Sisters and Clarence Boyd, all played successfully. On the 18th the departures were Kitty Rowell, to the Grand Central, Philadelphia; Clarence Boyd, to Brooklyn; Allie Lamonte, to Norfolk and James Kelly, to New York. The new forces for the 20th will be Lew Parker, Pauline Parker and Louisa Bliss. Letter of March 19.

AT GORMAN'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Memphis, Tenn., the attendance for the past week has been light. Mlle. Elisa Devrient continues the principal attraction. Mlle. Rosa closed 11. Susie Starr, who had been been ill, reappeared 13. No departures. The "Japs" failed to meet their engagement 13.

THE NEW FACES at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., March 13, were Constantina's Bohemian Ballet Troupe, Geo. W. Herman, and the Waite Sisters. The Ballet Troupe proved a drawing card, and gave general satisfaction, Mlle. Ricci showing ability as a dancer, ably seconded by Misses Henrietta Schrottini and Carlotta. The Waite Sisters in a musical burletta entitled "The Two Roses" were warmly applauded, as was Geo. W. Herman in his "Album of Comicalities." A good business has been done. The only departures 18 are the Fieldings, to Paterson. To open 20 are the Stuart Sisters.....At the Metropolitan there has been the usual good week's business. The new people 13 were Otis and Henry, Alice Napier, and Wm. Forepaugh and Lillie Raymond. Kitty Sandford failed to connect, assigning sickness as the cause. Miss Napier and Mr. Forepaugh do a very clever trapeze act. Otis and Henry and Lillie Raymond performed on Monday evening, and their further services were dispensed with. Their places were filled by the Valdis Twin Sisters (who are always welcome here), Miss Louise Montague, ballad singer, and Dick Gillespie and Frank George, two clever Irish character delineators, who were encored each night. Closures 18 were H. Victorelli and Master Eldon, Annie Braddon, and Chace and Davis, to Paterson; Alice Napier and Wm. Forepaugh, to Philadelphia; Louise Montague and the Valdis Children, announced for 20; Maud Stanley, Allie Drayton, Kate O'Conner, Sadie Connolly, Chas. Diamond, G. B. Harcourt and Ned Warner. On the 18th Manager Waldman was called on to mourn the loss of a very interesting little girl, two and a half years of age, whose death was caused by diphtheria.....The Byne & Newton Combination were billed for two performances on 18, 20, at the Opera-house, Newark, N. J.; but, owing to the non-arrival of baggage, etc., no performance was given 18. Letter of March 18.

MISS ANNIE HALL, Healy, Barry and Ella Saunders, and Ophelia Starr were the new arrivals at the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., March 13, where business has been light. Miss Hall's operatic selections were fair and well received. Healy, Barry and Ella Saunders made a hit in their triple statue-clog, and were deservedly applauded. Miss Ophelia Starr, beautiful in both form and face, was the recipient of repeated recalls for her meritorious dancing. She afterwards appeared as Nora Creina in an Irish drama by that name, and evinced a dramatic talent worthy of a better cause. No departures this week, and as yet no new names on the bills for the 20th. Letter of March 17.

BUSINESS at the Criterion, Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week was good. "Aladdin" was brought out with new scenery, ballets, music, and the following variety artists were added to the olio: Minnie Jackson, Conway and Kerrigan, and Collins and Moore. All were well received. The departures 18 were Signor Vicario and Mlle. Barrett to New York; Johnnie Pendley and Mlle. Lea, to Syracuse; and the Morosco Family. The new people billed for this week are Vic. Reynolds, Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman.

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Toledo, O., the Harrison Sisters closed March 18. Announced for 20: Miss Leslie Carie and Miss Hattie Ellis and their trained dogs.....At the Comique, Fred and Lizzie Byron closed 18. Going to Cincinnati: Harry Clifford and Lottie Grant. Lou Sanford is announced for 20.

THE CENTENNIAL VARIETIES, Akron, O., collapsed March 18.

THEATRE COMIQUE, Bay City, Mich., is announced to open April 3. Chas. Benton, business-manager, advertises for first-class specialty artists.

SHERIDAN & MACK'S Specialty Combination, now on its third tour, includes among its star artists Miss Alicia Jourdan, protean actress and vocalist, in her lightning changes; Miss Blanche Corelli, operatic vocalist and pianist; Miss Rosa Leigh, sentimental songstress; Carrie Boshell, child-vocalist and dancer; J. D. Kelly, musical melange artist, performing on several instruments at one time; J. B. Donniker, melophone and violin soloist; D. G. Waters, grotesque dancer; Geo. Percy, comedian and vocalist; and Sheridan & Mack, the Dancers and Comedians, in their versatile performances. They have with them a first-class orchestra and brass band, under the direction of Messrs. Menter and Donniker. The troupe is to open at Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., March 27.

LADIES WITH SPECIALTIES are wanted at Noonan's Varieties, advertised elsewhere.

VARIETY AND MINSTREL TALENT are wanted for the Summer season. See Charley Wilson's card.

MYRON H. PARMELEE and Miss Edna Laurent, in their burlesque "The Honeymoon," are open for dates, and can be addressed with through their agent, Col. Hal. Sleeper, as per card.

GLENN AND WILLIAMS, Belle La Verde, Murphy and Mack, Fields and Hoey, the Winner Sisters, the La Verde Sisters, Emma Jutan and Geo. W. Brown comprised the additions to the company of the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., on March 19. Our correspondent, writing 17, says: "Murphy and Mack have improved considerably since their last visit; but, if Murphy persists in straining his voice as he does now, he will soon lose it entirely. The Winner Sisters sang very nicely, and were doubly encored. Glenn and Williams did a neat song-and-dance. The musical act of Fields and Hoey was excellent. Belle La Verde is a fair vocalist. The trapeze act of Emma Jutan, assisted by G. W. Brown, was fair. The La Verde Sisters in songs-and-dances were encored. To close 18: J. H. Larkin and Carrie Armstrong, to Cleveland, O. W. J. Daly opens 19. Billy Manning takes a benefit 21.....Deagle's Theatre ceased to exist with the close of the performance on March 13. It will be reopened 18 as the New Adelphi, with Wm. O. Allen sole proprietor and manager; Chas. T. Armstrong, stage-manager; Wm. Obenier, leader; Jack [illegible], property man. The following is the opening company: Leland Sisters, Allie Drew, Ida Fox, Mollie Brown, Cummings and Hynes, Barry Maxwell, Blackburn Sisters, Clinton Sisters, the Milton Jaspers, Ben Dodge, Georgia Armstrong, Della Wallace, Millie Ross, Sheridan Brothers and Charley Armstrong."

A BENEFIT performance for the parents of the late Stevie Rogers was given in Elmira, N. Y., March 13. The attendance was large, and a handsome amount of money was realized. The programme included the recital of the memorial lines, written by William Devere and published in THE CLIPPER of the past week, by Miss Helene Vernon of the Vernon Sisters; William Richardson gave a bone-solo; Little Lillian, Dan Howard and Johnny O'Brien danced; Johnny O'Brien and subsequently with his brother Tommy gave an act called "The Colored Rifle team;" the Vernon Sisters sang duets and gave recitations, and Will H. Davis, Joe Benjamin, Mr. Goodwin, J. A. Croghan and Mr. Rackleyft appeared in their various specialties. The entertainment was under the management of W. C. Smith.

THE NEW FACES at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., March 13 were Sig. M. Cappolo and Nellie Oxnolo. The former does a good contortion act, and later a trapeze with Miss Oxnolo. J. Riley is a fine juggler; Lew Sohnlen's song-and-dance pleases. Miss Anna Clark closes 18, going to Detroit. Frank Bell, John Rickert, Homer and Holly, Lena Lillian, Lotta Ward and Ada Rickert are billed to open 20. Ed. Button, trapeze-performer, goes from here to Chicago 20. Business is good.

THE MARELTON (ONT.) OPERA-HOUSE was to have been opened March 18 as a variety theatre, under the management of A. B. Swift of Buffalo. Company: James O'Neil, Harry Gurr and wife and son, Lou Sanford, Cora Cushman, Harry Weeks and wife, Thomas Kane, Ed. Kane, and Henshaw and Lawton.

A CHANCE FOR THOSE CHARITABLE DISPOSED.—We are informed that the widow of the late Thomas Sheridan, Ethiopian comedian, who died in Williamsburg, L. I., Jan. 26 last, is in pecuniary distress, and in debt from causes attending her late husband's illness. Contributions may be sent to her address .....Mrs. Rose Sheridan, No. 206 South Second street, Brooklyn, E. D. It has been suggested that a benefit might possibly be gotten up for her relief.

AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE, Burlington, Ia., the company the past week included Ed. Powers, Dan Howard, John Donna, Gene Dumas, W. W. Quillins and Miss Lillie Melville.

MESSRS. STEDER with his troupe of performing dogs, and the Siegrist midgets, acrobats, Eloise Allen, ballad-ist, and Kitty Rowell, sarlo-comic vocalist, can be engaged through their agents See advertisement.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE STEVIE ROGERS.
BY HIS FRIEND AND PARTNER, ANDY McKEE.

You've broken my heart; oh, why did you leave me?
That I always loved you, ever you knew;
I feel, oh, so troubled and lonely without you—
And your kindred, now deceased, what will they do?
In that eternal city, where you have gone to,
Have they another will answer for you?
I fear I am destined to find naught but sorrow,
Until my earthly pilgrimage is through.
Your brother preceded you three years exactly—
You've met alas are this on that peaceful shore,
Where sisters and actresses meet one another,
Where trouble and pain and sorrow are o'er.
Then, farewell, dear Stevie—for the present, farewell;
With others who loved you, we'll soon meet again,
And, oh, what joy there will be at that meeting,
Where the mind is at rest, and the heart feels no pain.

AT SHELBY'S ADELPHI, Buffalo, N. Y., March 13, the new arrivals were James D. Rooms, Ella Love, the Murrays—Tom and Henrietta—and the Cawthorne Children—Herbert and Joe. Weslyn and Casey, announced to open with above, canceled their engagement honorably. The same bill was played all the week with the exception of Friday night, the 17th, when Delehanty and Cummings took a benefit. The house was full, and they were seen in sketches, etc. Business heavy all the week. Closed 18: Clara Sidelle, to Albany, N. Y.; Sam Martin, to Cleveland, O.; the Brennans, to Olympic Theatre, New York; Tom and Henrietta Murray, destination unknown; King Sarbro, to Columbus, O.; and Delehanty and Cummings, to Cleveland, one week. To open 20: The Siegrist Family, with their troupe of trained dogs, John Aubrey, Frank Cushman, Harrington and McGlone, the Henri Family, and George A. Hill, who brings out his piece "Life for Life." No departures.

AT THE COLISEUM, Chicago, Ill., the past week the new people were Fred H. Jay, Joe Norton, the Nunn Brothers, Sarony, Ione Lang, and the St. Felix Specialty Combination. Our correspondent, under date of March 18, says: "The latter is composed of four petite and pretty young ladies, who appeared in a castinet-ballet, a character sketch, and Miss Henrietta St. Felix in serio-comic songs. Their chief charm lies in their striking appearance, their wardrobe being very fine for this line of business. Of Fred. H. Jay's merits as a comic singer and character artist we were unable to form a fair estimate, owing to his laboring under the disadvantage of a severe cold; but his make-up in several of his characters is immense. Joe Norton's juggling was appreciated. The Nunn Brothers, a pair of juvenile song-and-dance and Ethiopian artists, are a specialties that look well. Sarony's excellent grotesque-dancing received merited applause. Miss Ione Lang, serio-comic, gave some good selections, particularly an original medley. Chrissie, Roberts and Weaver gave sketches with their usual display of talent. The specialties of Lingard and Adams, Weaver and Wallace, Wallace and Manchester and Jennings completed the bill. Departures 18: Manchester and Jennings, to Cleveland; Joe Norton, to join Forepaugh's Circus; and Ling-Look and Yamadiva. Opening 20: Eugene Dupont, John Reilley, and the D'Omers.....At the Adelphi, Toledo, Holmes in his drama of "Old Dumpty," very creditably produced in the old style, together with a fine olio. Grimaldi Adams as Clown, W. T. Melville as Pantaloon, Wm. Eunice as Harlequin, and Maggie Nichols as Columbine made a very strong team, and the minor characters were smoothly done. Incidental to the harlequinade is an olio, consisting of acts by Venus and Adonis, Miss Annie Fox, the Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe, the Victorelli Brothers, Maggie Nichols, and Challet, all of whom were new appearances. Venus and Adonis gave their bicycle act, and in response to an encore performed a character dance. The serio-comic songs of Annie Fox were fresh and pleasing, and clamorously redemanded. The Associated Managers' Ballet Troupe made their first appearance in this city, and created a very favorable impression in the ballets of "The Floral Fete" and "La Bella Rosalinda." Rosalinda Rosenkrantz is an old-time favorite at this house. The Victorelli Brothers displayed their splendid physique and muscular ability to fine advantage in their gymnastic feats. Challet gave his ventriloquial entertainment, which is one of the best, and received a double encore. Grace Glick rendered her original rhymes, and Lew and Frank Collins their songs-and-dances. The fourth and last of the gift matinees took place 18, when the usual sewing-machines, gold watches, etc., were distributed among the ladies present by Manager Grover, the selection being made by Joe Glick. Business all the first weeks' engagement 18, and goes to Philadelphia."

W. W. LARRABEE is to reopen the Adelphia Variety Theatre, Portland, Me., April 17.

MONS. AND MLLE. LOYAL, Worden and Mack, Jennie Engle, Josie Parton, Seamon and Somers, Effie Webber and Minnie Seamon opened at Hart's Academy, Cleveland, O., March 13, and S. C. France on the 15th in "Marked for Life," which met with success. Business fair..... At the Theatre Comique the arrivals 13 were Mlle. Cora and Mons. Austin, Leon Family, Herr Albert Hoffmann, Bennett Sisters and John McGuiness. Business light. Closing 18, Mons. Giroux and Mme. Adelia, to Pittsburg; Leon Family, to Columbus, O.; Thatcher and Hume, to Detroit, Mich.; Johnny Reese and Emma Clifford.

J. V. MERRITT advertises for a position with a variety troupe.

WASH. NORTON announces this as the thirty-first week of his engagement at the Olympic Theatre, this city.

DAN NASH, Irish specialty artist, who has just closed with Frank MacEvoy's Hibernian Minstrels, is now engaged in performing as per card.

I. DAVZAU, sketch and song writer, etc., publishes his address elsewhere.

DELEHANTY AND CUMMINGS, song-and-dance artists, publish a list of sketches, etc., in our business department.

THE WAITE SISTERS—Hattie, Nettie and Emma—now fulfilling an engagement at the Odeon Theatre, Newark, N. J., will be at liberty April 17, and can be addressed through their agent, Harry Waite, as per card.

JOHN PEASLEY and Mlle. Lea will hereafter be known as the Peasleys—John and Lea. Their address is published in another column.

THE GALLAGHER BROTHERS—Matt and Billy—song-and-dance and specialty artists, can be addressed care of this office.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, St. Joseph, Mo., the new people on March 13 were Mlle. Bertha, Dutch performer; Lou Mace, serio-comic; and Frankie Foster, dancer. Lula La Mar, to Toledo, O., was the only departure.

ED. P. BRITT, pantomime clown, horizontal-bar performer, etc., wants a position with a reliable hall show. Address care of this office.

THE BLOSSOMS are at Fox's Varieties, Scranton, Pa.

A MUSIC HALL in Atlantic City, N. J., is advertised for sale.

DEATH OF MRS. E. D. DAVIES.—Intelligence has reached us of the death of the wife of E. D. Davies, the well-known entertainer, at Auckland, New Zealand, Feb. 11. Her disease was dropsy, and she was in the thirty-seventh year of her age. She was the authoress of most of the dialogue used by Mr. Davies in his entertainments, and her loss in that respect will be severely felt. Her funeral took place Feb. 12, and was numerously attended. To her husband, she left a talented and beautiful daughter, some sixteen years of age, to mourn their loss. She was highly esteemed by her numerous friends and acquaintances in this country.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., several new people appeared March 13. The Irwin Sisters did songs-and-dances, besides a character sketch, and met with great success, their voices blending very nicely in "When My Ship Comes In." Harry Stanwood, although still suffering from his late illness, made a big hit, receiving four to five encores each evening. The Parker Sisters proceeding artistes, in their double-jig was very fine. Ned West has always been a favorite here, but this time he seems to have excelled himself, and is the recipient of much applause each night. Nully Pierie vocalized nicely, making many friends, her selections being of a higher order than the majority of singers. She closes to-night for Cincinnati, and the Crimmins Brothers begin 20. Letter of March 18.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a fair business during the past week. The new arrivals March 13 were James Collins in the sensation drama of "Life in the South," Jennie Wade and Antoinette Sevoy in vocal selections, Cassim and Fritz in their clever brother-acts, Potts and Steel in songs-and-dances, all of whom met with success. The departures March 18 were the Hugheses, the Winnettes, Agnes Hoyt, Potts and Steel, no immediate engagements; Belle Clifton, to St. Louis; Cassim and Fritz, to Pittsburg. The announcements for March 20 are Scanlan and Cronin, James Collins, Martha Wren, Allen and Kirby, Kitty Sharpe, Stella Sherman, Lillie Francis, Eliza Wilson, Ella Weigle, Hattie Hastings, Claudia Walters, Amelia Gorenflo, and Fred and Emily Siegel.

THE NEW APPEARANCES at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, for the past week were Harry Bryant in ventriloquism; Prof. Anthony, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, has been reappointed for the season.

M. C. SKINNER, an advance agent with capital, can be engaged, and he advertises a band-wagon for sale.

DANIEL P. DEAN, humorist, lecturer, etc., whose address we find in another column, is prepared to engage on favorable terms.

A PROGRAMMER is wanted immediately by Frank Vanderbilt. See card.

A LARGE TENT is wanted by W. B. Roser, who advertises that he will either purchase or hire it.

PROF. DE LANTIE, magician, is giving gift entertainments in the small towns of Eastern Pennsylvania.

PROF. JOHN S. HARE gave the concluding lecture of the Shakespearian course at the Amateur Drawing-room, Philadelphia, on the 14th, his subject being "Shakespeare's London Career."

A FAMILY MUSEUM is advertised for sale at a bargain.

A PAIR OF ANTELOPES can be purchased of G. P. Clark, who also advertises for a set of Swiss bells.

WINNIFRED PHILLIPS is to lecture in Cambridge, Mass., on March 24.

M. F. MORSE reads at Westboro, Mass., March 22, a second time, by request of many of the citizens.

REV. DR. WILLIAMS is to lecture in Armory Hall, Boston, March 23, on "Man Not Original in Thinking."

AT D. B. HUGHES' SCENIC STUDIO scenery can be obtained for theatres, circuses and shows generally, and the proprietors advertise a set of scenery to rent for private performances.

PROF. HAYES will read at Lowell, Mass., March 22; West Dedham 23, Taunton 24.

ALFRED P. GAGE will give his lecture on the "Electric Telegraph" in Lawrence, Mass., March 23.

MISS HELEN POTTER will give her readings and personations at Gloucester, Mass., March 20; Arlington 22.

JOHN B. GOUGH'S lecture engagements this week are: Elmira, N. Y., 20; Rochester 21, Geneva 22, Seneca Falls, 23, Auburn 24.

PROF. WYMAN will give magical entertainments at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, commencing March 27.

THE "GHOST ILLUSION" is being exhibited at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, opening there March 16. Messrs. Callender and Hickman are the managers, and included in their company are the Misses Sallie Partington, Nellie Vinning, Carrie French and Hattie Wood, and Joe Barry, Fred Duval, and A. R. Brooks.

CHARLES S. MARES, formerly treasurer of Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, has been appointed inspector of the gatekeepers at the Centennial Exhibition.

EZRA, magician, is to perform at Springfield, O., March 20, 21, 22, Dayton 23, 24, 25, Lima 30, 31, April 1. Business is reported good.

JOHN R. TOPHAM, formerly treasurer of the Theatre Comique, this city, is open for an engagement. See card.

A BOY is wanted by J. S. Austin to travel with a magician. He also advertises a box containing 30 tricks for sale.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MARIONETTES showed in Titusville, Pa., March 17, 18, and are billed for Corry 20, 21, Meadville 22, 23, Oil City 24, 25, Erie 27, 28.

WINNIFRED CHANTRELL is to charter in Oregon, Wis., March 20, Lodi 22, Baraboo 23, 24, Reedsburg 25, Elroy, 27, 28.

TUCKER BROS., show-painters, advertise their address in this issue.

CHAS. H. GRENELEY, scenicist, can be engaged to make balloon-ascensions. See card.

J. RUCUS, show-painter, is prepared to receive orders for paintings at his establishment noticed in another column.

JAMES MAY, agent, programme, ticket-seller, etc., can be addressed for an engagement, care of this office.

A FILE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER from 1868 to 1874 is offered for sale by A. H. W. See card.

AN EDUCATED HOG is advertised for by "D. U."

SONGS, lectures, dramas, etc., can be obtained from Wm. B. Wakin, writer, who advertises.

GREENWOOD OPERA-HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., is open for rental. See Wm. D. Van Arnum's advertisement.

MASONIC TEMPLE, Nashville, Tenn., can be rented by applying to the agent, Wm. King, who advertises the house as being handsomely fitted and having a seating capacity of 1,200. He refers to a number of the best parties now traveling, and publishes the following testimonials from several of the managers of companies that have occupied this house:

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 18, 1875.—Having just concluded an engagement at the Masonic Temple, Nashville, Tenn., in which the acoustic properties were thoroughly tested, I have pleasure in stating that they are all that can be desired, and cheerfully recommend the same to all parties wishing a neat, cheerful, and comfortable hall.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS.

MR. WM. KING, Agent Masonic Opera-house.—*My Dear Old Friend:* I cannot leave Nashville without acknowledging the kindness and attention we have had from you. Our stay was not only profitable, but exceedingly agreeable and pleasant in this city, and your kindly interest, long experience and cheerful willingness did much to secure both results. Again thanking you,

I am yours, very respectfully,
J. T. FORD,
Manager Edwin Booth's Company.

Nashville, March 3, 1876.

NASHVILLE, March 12, 1876.—WM. KING.—*Dear Sir:* Let me thank you for your kindness and attention to myself and company during our stay in this city; and allow me to add that you have one of the most perfect theatres under your management, with a most obliging corps of assistants.

Yours truly, H. T. PADDOCK.

AMATEUR.

THE MILITARY DRAMA of "Allatoona" was produced under the auspices and for the benefit of the Veteran Light Guard at Peoria, Ill., March 14, 15, 16, and was rendered in a very creditable manner.

THE DRAWING-ROOM COMBINATION on the evening of the 11th inst. gave a dramatic performance for the amusement of the inmate at the Philadelphia Hospital, the programme consisting of "The Rough Diamond" and "The Widow's Victim," with imitations of actors by John Moran and a violin-solo by Mr. Gaunt.

ROBERT M. SHERIDAN had a testimonial benefit at Concordia Hall, Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., when he appeared as Damon in "Damon and Pythias."

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia, at their regular weekly performance on the 15th inst., gave an excellent rendition of "Oliver Twist," with the following cast: Fagan, E. E. Hulfish; Nancy Sykes, Mrs. Charles Henri; Bill Sykes, C. A. James; and Oliver Twist, Miss Nellie Nutt.

THE MEZZEROON SOCIETY bring their second season to a close at the Brooklyn Athenæum on April 27.....The Amaranth, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on March 15, failed to give an even and entirely satisfactory performance of "Partners for Life."

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

BURNING OF A THEATRE.—The following particulars of the destruction by fire of the Amphitheatre, Leeds, Eng., previously announced by cable, are taken from *The Era:* "Within a very short period of the discovery of the outbreak, the flames, fed by the inflammable contents, completely enveloped the building, and the theatre was gutted in a very short period, notwithstanding the efforts of the firemen and a plentiful supply of water. A watchman was appointed to patrol the house and the Princess Palace, the adjacent music hall, during the night, and, to insure strict attention to his duties, time watches were put in various parts of the two buildings. The watchman reports that when he left the stage of the Amphitheatre, at a quarter to one o'clock, to proceed to the music hall, he saw flames proceeding from the carpenter's shop, near the stage. He returned, and with the hose and appliances in the theatre made a futile attempt to extinguish them. All efforts were in vain, and even after the arrival of the fire-brigade, who were marvelously prompt in making their appearance, it was plainly perceived that all attempts to save the building would be useless. The stage was filled with scenery and the usual combustible effects, and the fire swept along with resistless fury into the auditorium, and the rapidity with which it did its work of destruction may be gathered from the fact that in about an hour from the outbreak the immense pile was a shapeless ruin. The music hall, by the almost superhuman efforts of the firemen, was saved, but it is much damaged by water, and the costly contents, including several valuable pictures, are seriously injured by removal. The fire was confined entirely to the amphitheatre, and, although at one period it was feared it would spread to the Church Institute and adjacent buildings, those apprehensions were not realized. Wilson Barret leased the theatre from Mr. Hobson, the proprietor, and after the successful run of the pantomime, his own company, with Miss Heath at their head, were fulfilling a short engagement there, to terminate this week. The last drama performed in the building was 'East Lynne,' and Mr. Jones' farce "In Advance of the Times." The loss is roughly estimated at $32,000, and we regret to add that Mr. Hobson is only partially insured, and Miss Heath and Mr. Wilson Barrett have lost the whole of their valuable wardrobe, jewelry, etc., except the costumes for the play of 'Jane Shore,' which were forwarded to Wakefield. The company have also lost their dresses and properties."

"ON THE RINK," an absurdity from the pen of F. C. Burnand, was brought out at the Duke's Theatre, London, Feb. 29. The chief incident in the piece, which has but the faintest shadow of a story, are as follows: A hairdresser has mortally offended a lady by preparing for her a dye which, instead of transforming her raven locks to gold, simply turns them a bright green. The lady calls in the aid of the law, and threatens him with tremendous damages, whereupon our hairdresser retires to the Welsh village of Cwmrydydyrdyw, where his nephew falls in love with Jenny Jones, the sister of a bathing woman, and, being obliged to fly with his uncle, is followed to London and overtakes a skating-rink in Laburnum Lodge, Inner circle, Regent's-park. Another delinquent has, however, been mistaken for him, and when he meets the pretty Jenny he is quite ready to keep his promise of marriage. There is a Count Popoff De Gouviski, a destitute Pole, who has been making love on false pretenses, but the lady finds him out also at the rink, and sends him to Jericho, her own true love, Dick Trickett, turning up in the nick of time.

THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the Dramatic Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund Association was held at Wills' Rooms, London, on Wednesday evening, Andrew Halliday presiding. Mrs. Stirling responded to the toast of the evening in a humorous speech, one of many which she has delivered on similar occasions.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A sad event occurred at Southport on the 23d ult. A retired actor, named Wm. Willmore, the father of the well-known actresses the Misses Lizzie and Jenny Willmore, was returning home, and had to go over the railway on the Manchester line at the level crossing in the town between Virginia street and Little London. A goods-train was shunting, and he waited for that to pass. He was then crossing, when a goods-train from Wigan came down the line, and, before he could get out of the way, knocked him down, injuring his face and breaking some of his ribs. He would have been horribly mutilated, but that a cabman, named Gould, dragged him away. Mr. Willmore exclaimed: "I have lost my leg, and am ruined. Who will make me away?" He was then placed on a shutter and taken to the infirmary, and attended to by the house surgeon, Dr. Murray, but about half-past ten, an hour after his admission, he died.

"BENEATH THE BANNER" and the Mlle. of a new drama, in a prologue and three acts, by W. H. Abel, which succeeded the pantomime at the Pavilion Theatre, London, Feb. 28. *The Era* says:

Among the dramatis personæ, Virtue is represented by Charley Goodchild, a gallant specimen of the usually acceptable in romantic drama, and a worthy individual, who invariably pops up at the right moment to succor the distressed and foil the villainy; by Miss Jones and her young brother Harry, who suffer all sorts of persecutions ere the sun of happiness shines upon them; and by a certain rough-tongued but kind-hearted Caroline Larter, who appears to be in the employment of Chandler, Sandal, and Co., and who turns up at all times and in all places to assist in the discomfiture of the rogues of the story. Vice has its most prominent representative in the old Thomas Grahler, who literally "sticks at" nothing in order to advance his ends. It is through his instrumentality that Stephen Leigh has been wrongly transported. It is by his tools—the rascally Dick Bodwell and the equally rascally Bill Childs—that the young people named above are carried off, and it is his defeat at the hands of Charley Goodchild which is the chief incident in the piece to relish. We see the wreck of the ship in which Goodchild sails, and rejoice to find that he escapes, not only from the perils of the deep, but from the machinations of sets him at the hands of the wreckers. The most daring and the most sensational of the deeds which he performs is when he turns savagely upon them, and descends "beneath the deep" to search for the papers which have been lost through the wreck, and which are absolutely necessary to establish the rights of those on whose behalf our sympathies have been excited. It is here, too, that we get the sensation scene of the play, and the management may be complimented on the style in which it is carried out. We see a wonderfully realistic picture of the bottom of the sea, where lie the bodies of the lost mariners; and as we gaze upon the scene there occurs at once to our minds the dream of Clarence, which conjured up "a thous

TERMS.

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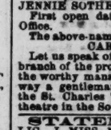

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